McKean County Miner.

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HARD LUCK TRIMS US.

That is the Way Olean Happens to Win from the Ringsters.

ELDRED SHUTS OUT COUDERSPORT.

Austin Wins From Coudersport and The Indians Trims the Angels.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Austin	6	5	1	833
Coudersport	6	4	2	667
Smethport	5	3	2	600
Port Allegany	6	2	4	333
Olean	3	1	2	333
Eldred	8	2	6	250

The Smethport aggregation went up against a bunch of hard luck when they met the Aliens at Olean last Friday afternoon and was defeated by a score of 4 to 5. The game, although close and exciting from start to finish, was a hard one for the Smethport rooters to watch. Our hard luck started in the first inning and lasted until the last man was out in the ninth.

In Olean's half of the first inning a tip foul, which the umpire decided was a passed ball, gave the Aliens two runs after one man had scored, making the score three to nothing. Our boys got a score in the second and third innings and from that on to the seventh neither team got a man across the plate. In the seventh Bell's hit and Keefer's drive into the tall grass gave us two more, making the score three to four in our favor.

Heresies where the Alien's borrowing was in evidence. Miles led off in the eighth with a two-bagger, but was doubled up on Turpey's fly to Tull. Ryan made a single and took third on Donahue's single, Donahue stealing second. Duffey put a ground ball to Bell at short, hitting Donahue, which rightfully retired the side but the umpire decided that, owing to the fact that Bell got his hands on the ball, the runner was not out. This scored Ryan and tied the score. True then hit a pop fly to short which for some unaccountable reason Bell dropped, scoring Donahue. F. Donahue retired the side on a grounder to Bell.

Our hoodoo continued in the ninth. With one man out Denning made a clean single, stole second and was coming home on Tull's clean hit into right field, but just after he touched third base he struck a mud hole, covered with shavings, and fell flat on his face. He got up as soon as possible, but was caught before he could get back to third. Bell got hit, Tull stole third and Bell second and then Keefer struck out, ending the game. In the eighth inning Studholme made a similar fall to Denning's in the same mud hole while trying to get back to third base.

Following is the tabulated score of hard luck defeat:

SMETHPORT.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Tull, 3d	5	2	2	2	3	1
Bell, ss	4	1	2	2	1	1
Keefer, 1st	4	0	2	7	1	0
Servatius, p	4	1	2	2	3	0
Studholme, 2d	4	0	2	3	1	1
Fuller, rf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Young, c	4	0	1	7	2	0
McCabe, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Denning, cf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Total	35	4	13	28	11	4

OLEAN.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Turner, ss	4	1	1	2	0	0
Miles, lf	3	1	1	3	1	0
Toomey, 3d	4	1	1	2	1	0
Ryan, 2d	4	1	1	3	4	0
J. Donahue, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Duffy, 1st	3	0	0	7	0	1
Tull, cf	4	0	0	1	0	1
F. Donahue, c	3	0	0	8	2	0
Vollmer, p	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals,	31	5	5	27	10	2

Vollmer hit by batted ball.

Score by innings:

Smethport	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	—4
Olean	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	*	—5

Earned runs—Smethport 2.
Stolen bases—Tull 1, Bell 2, Denning 1, Turner 1, Miles 1, J. Donahue 2, Duffey 2.
Home run—Keefer.
Two base hits—Studholme, Miles.
Base on balls—off Servatius 4, off Vollmer 2.
Hit by pitched ball—by Vollmer 2.
Struck out—by Servatius 5, by Volmer 7.
Passed balls—Young 4, F. Donahue 2.
Time of game—2 hours.
Umpire—Freil.

ELDRED 2; COUDERSPORT 0.

Eldred Eagle, July 24: Probably as pretty a game as will be played in the McKean-Potter League series was pulled off at Coudersport yesterday when the Eldred Angels defeated the leaders by a score of 2 to 0. For five innings but three men faced the pitcher, on either side, and but one hit was allowed by both pitchers, which were given in the 4th inning, until the ninth when W. Llewelyn batted to third baseman who threw to first where an error was made allowing the runner safe. Starr hit to center field and was caught out at first, then Jessup got the honors by putting a two-bagger into the woods, scoring Llewelyn. Such shouting! Jessup stole third and McFall hit to second baseman who errored and Jessup scored. McFall was caught at second and A. Llewelyn struck out. Coudersport came in for their last bats, determined to win, and Johnson, who had fanned three times before, made a single. Moran flied out, Holland struck out and Blair hit an easy fly to Starr who dropped it. This put two men on bases. Moffat at bat hit hard to right field and W. Llewelyn made a nice run capturing it, retiring the side and giving Eldred the distinction of being the first team to defeat the leaders. McFall had 10 strike outs, Bell 12; Eldred 2 errors, Coudersport 5; Eldred 3 hits, Coudersport 2; score, Eldred 2, Coudersport 0. Umpire Swetland gave decisions promptly and very satisfactorily.

AUSTIN 8; COUDERSPORT 4.

At Austin on Tuesday the home team wrested from Coudersport the lead in the McKean-Potter League race by defeating the latter at the ratio of 8 to 4 in a game played on that day. The same day at Port Allegany Eldred succumbed to the superior prowess of the home team to the tune of 8 to 3.

In commenting on the recent Austin-Eldred game at Austin the Autograph requests that the papers of Port Allegany and Smethport make note of the fact that "the visitors remained in town over night and not a hair in one of their heads was hurt, neither did they have their pockets picked." We cheerfully record the remarkable phenomena as tending to show that a glimmering ray of the light of civilization has at last been allowed to penetrate the benighted blackness of that village.

MT. JEWETT 7; ATHLETICS 8.

The Smethport Athletics defeated the Mt. Jewett ball team in a hotly contested game on Kane field last Thursday afternoon by a score of 7 to 8. The game was rather a pitcher's battle, Benson striking out 12 of our men and Denning performing the same feat on 14 of the visitors. Following is the tabulated score:

Athletics.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 3d	5	1	1	0	0	1
Denning, p	5	1	2	1	4	1
Croissant, c	4	0	2	12	0	0
Stull, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Servatius, 2d	3	0	0	4	2	0
Andrews, 1st	4	0	0	6	0	0
Ramer, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Kline, rf	3	0	0	0	1	2
Keefer, ss	3	1	0	0	3	0
Total	35	3	5	27	15	5

Mt. Jewett.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCarty, 3d	4	0	0	1	2	0
D. Benson, p	5	1	1	0	6	0
Parsons, cf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Smith, ss	5	1	1	1	1	1
Campbell, rf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Johnson, 1st	4	0	0	9	0	0
E. Larson, 2d	4	0	0	4	2	1
J. Benson, p	4	0	0	0	4	0
A. Larson, c	4	2	2	12	1	1
Total	39	7	5	28	16	3

Score by innings:

Athletics	1	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	3	—8
Mt. Jewett	3	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	—7

Two base hits—McCabe, Smith.
Stolen bases—McCabe 2, Denning 1, Croissant 1, Stull 3.
Struck out—by Denning 14; by Benson 12.
Base on balls—off Denning 3; off Benson 4.
Passed ball—Croissant 2, Larson 1.
Wild pitch—Denning 1, Benson 1.
Hit by pitched ball—Keefer, Smith.
Umpire—T. J. Young.

Terrible Explosion.

Two small gunpowder magazines, situated in the very midst of the humble residences of 50 mill operatives at Tewksbury, near Lowell, Mass., exploded yesterday, resulting in the death of more than a score of human beings and the injury of nearly 50 others. Half a dozen men who were loading kegs of powder from one of the magazines were blown to pieces; four boys 300 yards away were killed by the force of the explosion, and 14 frame houses within a radius of 400 yards went down as if they had been built of cards. Seven of these houses immediately caught fire, probably from the kitchen stoves, and were completely consumed. At least three persons were caught in the ruins and burned to death, while seven of eight others, who were rescued, died subsequently of their injuries.

It is estimated that 50 separate pieces of property, including those already mentioned, were destroyed, while the force of the explosion wrecked windows for five or six miles around, and its thunder could be heard distinctly more than 60 miles away.

A Remarkable Cure!

Miss Alice Dane of Pasadena, Cal., apparently a helpless cripple and deprived of perfect speech for many years, has suddenly had the use of her limbs and vocal powers restored as the result of an accident. Miss Dane has suffered from spinal trouble and walked with crutches, and could scarcely speak above a whisper. While ascending the stairs at her home she fell and the last step struck against her chest. Immediately the pains from which she had suffered for many years left, and after being taken to a couch and lying there for a while, she got up and to the surprise of everyone walked about without the aid of crutches. Many physicians had treated the case unsuccessfully for years.

Union Services.

The union services of the Baptist and Methodist churches will be continued for the next three Sundays, the pastor of the Methodist church preaching in the Methodist church in the morning and in the Baptist church in the evening.

The Rev. Patterson's subject for next Sunday morning is "The Problem of Human Suffering," the beginning of a series of sermons upon "Suffering."

The evening sermon is suggested by the courage of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, August 2d being the anniversary of the signing of that document.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

KILLED IN THE WOODS.

Giosafatti De Florian Fatally Injured Monday Morning.

WAS STRUCK BY A FALLING TREE.

He Died Monday Afternoon—Funeral at St Elizabeth's Church Tuesday.

Giosafatti De Florian, an Italian employed on a job on the Elisha K. Kane lumber tract on Cole creek, about four miles north of this borough, was fatally injured by a falling tree at about 11 o'clock Monday morning.

De Florian and a fellow countryman were cutting down trees and as one fell it kicked back (to use a woodman's expression) and pinioned the unfortunate man to the ground. The end of the tree struck its victim in the groin and left leg with such force that the leg was crushed and he was injured internally.

The injured man was released as soon as possible by his fellow workmen and carried to the camp nearby. Dr. Hamilton was called and did all that was in his power for the sufferer, but his injuries were of such a nature that he died at 4 o'clock that afternoon. The deceased was 33 years of age and is survived by a wife and two children in Italy.

His remains were brought to Smethport Monday evening and the funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's Catholic church Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Father Cosgrove officiating, and interment was made in St. Elizabeth's cemetery. A large delegation of his countrymen, who are employed on the same job, attended the funeral.

Editor Herrick's Child Dies.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Herrick mourn the death of their infant daughter, Virginia, who died at birth last Friday morning, July 17. The little one gave up its life that the mother might live. The burial was at the Bolivar cemetery on Sunday on Friday in a grave lined with white and embanked with roses and wild flowers by kind friends. Miss Madge Scott of Des Moines, a trained nurse, is caring for Mrs. Herrick and her condition continues to improve from day to day and her recovery seems assured. Mrs. Herrick's mother, Mrs. Lafayette Young of Des Moines, is also with her, rendering comfort and assistance as only a mother can.—Bolivar Breeze.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrick have our most sincere sympathy in their hours of affliction and we hope that Mrs. Herrick may recover rapidly.

John G. Long Dead.

John G. Long, United States consul general at Cairo, Egypt, died Tuesday morning at Dunbar, Scotland, where he had been visiting friends. His death was the result of an accidental fall. Mr. Long, whose home was in St. Augustine, Fla., was appointed consul general at Cairo in October, 1900. He was 57 years old. The accident occurred Monday evening. In the dark Mr. Long missed his footing and fell from the steps of the hotel where he was stopping, fracturing his skull. He succumbed during the night. Mr. Long was touring Scotland preparatory to returning to the United States.

Summersgill-Thamm.

Miss Alice Rose Thamm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Thamm of Mechanic street this borough, and Mr. John Summersgill of Bridgeton, N. J., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's brother-in-law, Conrad Thamm of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday, July 24, 1903, in the presence of a few near relatives.

The bride is a popular young lady of this place and the groom has been employed here for some time past as a cutter in the Camp Window Glass Factory. The MINER unites with a host of friends in extending congratulations.

To Fight Libel Law.

A Williamsport dispatch says: Detrich Lamada of Williamsport, chairman of the Committee on Libel Law of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association, has called the committee to meet in Harrisburg next Tuesday to devise a plan to start a movement against the new libel law and in favor of a substitution of a new law.

Mr. Lamada says that this is the first meeting of the committee and it will be informal.

He says he has no plan of action to offer that he would care to make public at present.

For Sale.

One oak dining table, six leather upholstered dining chairs and an oak side board or buffet. For particulars apply to F. G. Lindholm.

Secure Comfort

for yourself and protection from flies for your stock by using So Bos So (Kilfly.) Holmes & Gilfillan.

Redfield has a 5-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c. a foot.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

We are this week called upon to record the death of our associate, Thomas Malone, Esq., who died at his residence in this place on Saturday, Jan. 2, 1869, at a quarter before 3 o'clock p. m., in the 27th year of his age. He was born near Centreville, Elk county, on the 16th day of June, 1842. Left an orphan at the early age of 7 years, without property, he was placed under the care of Thomas Reidy of this county, but soon secured a home at the residence of Wm. Williams, Esq., in Keating township. Here by diligence and careful attention to his duties he soon won the respect and affection of the entire family. During his stay in this family he attended school and acquired something of the rudiments of an education. In the fall of 1858 he entered the printing office of L. Rogers, who was then publishing the McKean Citizen, with whom he remained until the spring of 1861.

At the breaking out of the rebellion he was living in Emporium, Cameron county, to which place the Citizen office had been removed. Here he volunteered and became a member of Company C of the old Bucktail Regiment, where he served in the ranks until the 13th of December, 1862. At the battle of Fredericksburg he received a wound which disabled him from further service as a soldier during the war. After spending five months in different hospitals he returned to this place in '62—still upon his crutches—and for a short time engaged in the duties of enrolling officer but returned to his profession as a partner with Mr. Rogers in the publication of the Miner. Here he remained until the fall of '64 when, feeling the importance of a more thorough preparation for life's duties, he for a time laid aside his profession and entered school at Alfred. For a period of more than 18 months he remained at this University. During this time he gained many warm friends and though he never became a brilliant scholar he often took the lead of his classmates in honors and became especially prominent in the literary society to which he belonged, always occupying a leading position on the programs of its public sessions. In the summer of '66 he returned to this place and immediately entered the MINER office and began his duties there as a journeyman printer. He soon, however, became publisher of the MINER in his own name but afterwards associated with himself his present partner (E. H. Bard). In September, 1866, the Republican party, being anxious to bestow the office of county treasurer upon a soldier, cast about to find one most worthy and at the same time competent to perform its duties. Though his name was brought forward by his friends late in the contest, he distanced all his competitors in the convention and in October was elected to fill that office. In May '66 he was suddenly, and without previous warning, taken with hemorrhage of the lungs. This continued at short intervals during the entire summer and fall, accompanied by a cough which soon betrayed the fact that consumption had seized upon his constitution. He was married early in July to Miss Leila Shattuck of Keating township. Previous to his marriage he had purchased and fitted up a neat, comfortable home and had surrounded himself with much to make life happy and a longer sojourn here in every way desirable. But neither medical skill nor the most careful attention on the part of his friends to stay the ravages that consumption was making day by day upon his naturally frail constitution were of no avail. On, still on, the fell destroyer came, pressing closer and closer to the still resisting, brave soul, until at last on the 2d day of January, 1869, he triumphed, and in his cold, relentless embrace bore into the "undiscovered country" one of the bravest and most useful of our citizens.

In the life and character of Thomas Malone there is much to admire—much that commends itself to every lover of his country and humanity. He presents to the world a fitting example of what a brave heart in this country may do, though burdened with poverty and "carried by an orphan boy." It has been our glad privilege to discover in his character (so well blended as to be prominent and yet not offensive) stern integrity, unyielding courage, patriotism, a deep, abiding faith in and love for humanity, and an ever ready hand to do and dare for his country and mankind. Whether "on the rented field or in the battle's van," whether on the advance or retreat, in suffering or prosperity, in victory or defeat, there is no man, living or dead, who ever heard one word of complaint against his country from the lips of Thomas Malone—or one whisper of doubt that the glad day would dawn when his country would rise from the ravages of war, as she finally did, regenerated and disenthralled. Though dead, the influence of such men is not lost in the darkness of the tomb. It lives on and on, to nerve the arms and inspire the hearts of those who follow after.

Poultry netting at J. C. Hamlin's.

Child Dies Without Medical Aid.

Edward, the eighteen-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Decker of Crosby, died at the latter's home on Tuesday. The cause of death was cholera morbus.

The circumstances surrounding the death of this child has caused considerable dissatisfaction among the neighbors of the Decker family, owing to the alleged fact that the parents of this child refused to employ a physician or administer any medicine to the little sufferer. The Deckers have recently become affiliated with a religious sect that does not believe in the use of medicines in case of sickness and for that reason refused to lend any assistance to their sick child, more than pray for and be kind to the little one in their own peculiar way.

This crowd of religious fanatics are usually termed the "Holy Rollers" or "Holy Rollers" and they have been holding a revival at Crosby for some time and in some instances they probably do some good to the moral condition of man. But the "faith cure," in such instances as this, should be discouraged by its leaders. Faith is all right but like anything else it should be used in moderation and should be well mixed with the old adage, "God helps those who help themselves" under most conditions. God put certain things on this earth to heal the sick and to be just to Him we must use them when illness overtakes us. Faith may cure the ills of the mind and soul, but for the ills of the body there are better remedies.

We do not wish to too severely criticize the parents of this child for we have no doubt they were sincere in their belief, ridiculous as it is, but those who go about the country preaching such nonsense and, by working on the emotions of their hearers, convert weaker minds to the fallacy, should be most severely condemned by all branches of society.

Killed Their Child.

A dispatch from Brownsville, Pa., dated July 27, says: William C. Arnold, 35 years old, a well-to-do farmer of Jefferson township, Fayette county, was taken to jail in Uniontown to-night, charged with the murder of his infant son. His wife, Mary Ellie Arnold, 22 years old, is also charged with murder and the legal course will be taken with her (his) as soon as she has recovered from the childbirth that forms a part of the unusual tragedy. Late on Friday night Dr. Lilley of this place was summoned to the Arnold home where he found a woman and a new born babe. He was told by one of the parents that he had been called in to kill the child. The physician examined the babe and drew from its mouth a mass of cloth that nearly choked it. He then told the couple that before he would kill the child he would kill both of them. Yesterday a friend of Dr. Lilley went to the Arnold home and asked to see the babe. The mother said he was dead and had been buried by her husband. Officers later exhumed the body and the coroner's jury found that the infant had been murdered and recommended that Arnold and his wife be charged with murder. The disclosure is a shock to the community as the couple were very popular.

Reliance is the Defender.

The selection of the Reliance to defend the America's cup after only one of the series of trial races had been sailed is somewhat of a surprise. Everyone will agree, however, that the choice is a wise one. The new yacht has sailed about twenty races, at least eighteen of which were finished in the time limit. In all these contests she has been beaten by the Constitution three times. It was almost inevitable that even if the Reliance had been beaten in each of the three trial races planned for this week she would have been chosen to defend the greatest of yachting trophies, owing to the splendid record she had made in all kinds of wind and sea during the preliminary races. But she won yesterday's trial race without any trouble.

As an all-around racing machine, the Reliance undoubtedly is the finest craft that has ever been turned out in this country. The general expectation is that she will defeat Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger, though it is also thought that she will not have as easy a time of it as former American yachts have had with former British boats. The Shamrock III unquestionably is a much better boat than either of the older Shamrocks and the public which is interested in these international races may pretty safely count on contests worthy the name.—Buffalo Express.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month now until November via Nickel Plate road to principal farming sections in the west and southwest at greatly reduced rates, good return limits. Tri-weekly transcontinental tourist sleeping car service; dining cars also serve club meals at 35c to $1, and meals "a la carte." See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

The Woman Who Knows

always buys Stransky Quadruple Plated Enameled Ware. The ware that wears. Holmes & Gilfillan.

PROBABLE MURDER AT CUSTER CITY.

Eugene Gillmore Struck on the Head With a Heavy Piece of Wood.

GILLMORE'S CONDITION CRITICAL.

Bert and Martin Gage Had a Fight With the Victim Yesterday Morning—It Was a Serious Affair.

Eugene Gillmore, an employe of the Custer City chemical works, was struck on the head and probably fatally injured during a quarrel with Bert and Martin Gage, two other workmen at the factory, at Custer City yesterday morning about 9 o'clock.

Which one of the Gage brothers delivered the blow is not known. The weapon used was a large piece of wood over four feet in length. Gillmore was rendered unconscious by the blow and after being removed to his boarding house remained in that condition until evening without care.

An examination of the injured man was made by Dr. Straight and Dr. Chesney last night and Gillmore was then brought to the Bradford hospital. His skull is fractured at the base of the brain and he is not expected to survive the injury.

A warrant was issued early this morning for the arrest of the Gage brothers.

Two Dead and 22 Wounded.

A dispatch from Danville, Ill., dated July 26, says: Two killed and twenty-two wounded, the police station wrecked, the county jail few of its windows left unshattered, the city in the hands of the State troops and a feeling of uneasiness and dread prevailing everywhere, is the situation left by the race riots of last night and early this morning. The dead: John Dr. Meredy, lynched and burned. Henry Gatterman, killed by the negro Meredy. Many of the injured are at the hospital. Arrangements are being made for the funeral of Henry Gatterman. After daylight appeared this morning there were restless crowds on the streets and each succeeding hour added to swell the crowds. There are many ugliness seen on the streets and great unrest and a threatening attitude was reported from Westville, five miles away. Early in the morning Wilson, the negro assailant of Mrs. Burgess, was secretly taken from the county jail, but was returned shortly afterward. Four companies of militia arrived this morning from Springfield, in reply to urgent requests sent to the State officials. The troops marched to the market house, opposite the jail, and there camped. The streets were cleared. There were sullen threats heard, but no attempt at an outbreak was manifested during the day. To-night 60 sentinels are patrolling the streets in the immediate vicinity of the jail, each soldier carrying 40 rounds of ammunition. Sheriff Whitlock says he himself was the only man who shot into the mob. When the jail was attacked the sheriff said he became alarmed for the safety of his wife and children, and considered that he was justified in shooting, although he was careful to shoot in the hands or legs. The 200 soldiers, it is believed, will prevent further outbreaks for the present, at least. Half of these will be on duty all the time. The leading citizens say the outbreak has been expected for a long time, as a bitter feeling has existed for several years between the negroes and a certain class of white persons. A number of minor outbreaks have occurred during the past year.

A Port Alleganian.

Port Allegany has a male Mrs. Partington. A correspondent says of him: "A new bridge over a neighboring creek has recently been built, for the erection of which he said he never in all his life saw a more 'unanimous' pile of stone. The creek, by the way, was made very unidyllic and unsightly by the accumulation of much offensive refuse on both its banks. His sister makes excellent cakes, but his mother always 'supersedes' the cooking. He always 'translates' turpentine from one barrel to another and has recently 'transplanted' a barn. His most noteworthy possession, however, was that of a watch, which, although presenting but a cheap and common case, had the very best huckleberry works inside."—Bradford Star.

Vacation Rates.

Nickel Plate Road now selling daily special excursion tickets to Salt Lake City, Denver, Hot Springs, S. D., El Paso, St. Paul, etc., including the principal tourist resorts in the West, at exceeding low rates, good returning to Oct. 31st. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

Subscribe for the MINER.

TWO AND A GUIDEBOOK

By M. MACLEAN HELLIWELL

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How it did rain! Barbara pressed her woebegone face against the window pane and strained her eyes in a vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of the gleaming white of the distant monument. She had been in the beautiful capital of her country nearly twenty hours, and she had seen nothing—absolutely nothing—of it. Nearly twenty hours of the few precious days of her visit gone in innocent, heart-breaking waiting for Jupiter Pluvius to exhaust himself and retire in favor of old Sol.

As a fresh gust of wind drove a volley of raindrops in a yet fiercer onslaught against the glass and dashed them in scurrying streams down the dripping asphalt the girl's head drooped despairingly and she sighed.

The young man who for some time had been watching her sympathetically over his book now threw it aside and stepped to the other window.

"What a day!" he said as the ivy, clinging desperately to the wall, was tossed hither and thither by the boisterous wind.

The girl's face brightened, and she turned to him impetuously.

"Oh, thank goodness you have spoken at last! I was going to start the conversational ball myself. I simply couldn't stand the silence any longer. Do you know I have not uttered one word this morning since I ordered my breakfast. It's an unprecedented record, but the strain has been awful." She dimpled roguishly, and a faint flush rose in her cheek. He might think her very bold, this handsome young stranger, but she really could not help it. The limit of her silent endurance had been reached. She must speak or—perish.

But the idea of boldness never entered the young man's head. He was thinking how very pretty she was, how soft and curly her hair, how piquant her dimpled smile and how becoming the little tinge of pink in her round cheek. He laughed in comprehending sympathy.

"Why, I wanted to speak to you long ago, but didn't like to venture. Isn't it the very dickens of a day? Who could go sightseeing in this? It's a fresh fury against the widows."

The girl's face fell again.

"Who, indeed?" she echoed disconsolately. "Think of coaxing all winter for just three days of Washington and having the whole of one of them like this!"

"It is rather rough," said the young man. "I'm in precisely the same box myself—that is, for coaxing, I mean managing. But if only incessant rain's going to look at it: Won't you sit down?"

He turned a rocking chair with its back to the window, and as Barbara dropped into it he threw himself into the sofa corner opposite.

"Is this your first visit to Washington?" he asked.

"My very first. Father comes here on business every spring, but he hates to be bothered, and I could never persuade him to bring me before. He poked his head into my room before I was up this morning to say that he would probably not see me again to-day as he had dozens of business to do, and an official dinner tonight, and he enjoined me most emphatically not to think of going, but as long as it rained. I have written letters to every one I can think of, and if it doesn't clear after luncheon I'll go to bed!"

The young man laughed and looked at his watch.

"Why, it's a quarter to 2," he said. "Suppose we have luncheon now, if you will honor me, and perhaps the outlook will be brighter by the time we have finished."

The girl rose with alacrity.

"I'm ravenous," she declared, "but I simply could not face that great dining room again all by myself. I positively cannot swallow unless I have some one to talk to while I'm eating. My breakfast this morning was martyrdom."

That luncheon was the jolliest meal Barbara had ever eaten and she maintains the most delicious. When it was over and they adjourned to the stately drawing room her companion left her for a minute. When he returned he brought with him a couple of books and a huge bunch of violets.

"These," he explained, when Barbara had arranged the flowers upon her person to her satisfaction, "are guidebooks, one to Washington in general, the other to the Congressional library in particular. As the rain god is still in command of affairs, suppose we just 'do' the capitol and library right here where we are. It's really, when you think of it, much the more satisfactory way. If we went to the actual buildings we'd have to walk our feet off on the hard floors. We'd have to lose our breath climbing innumerable stairs or else have our brains addled by being jerked up and down in elevators. We'd dislocate our necks tilting our heads back to see the pictures on the ceilings. And at the end of the day we'd probably come back to the hotel cross, tired and dissatisfied, having doubtless forgotten to look at the one thing above all others we particularly wanted to see. Now, with these valuable little books we can defy the elements and study at our ease every detail of the buildings—exteriorly and interiorly—but we can absorb priceless knowledge about them that all the gazing at the originals could never tell us. What do you say, shall we begin with the library?"

Barbara's eyes sparkled. "It's the inspiration of genius," she cried ecstatically. "Yes, let us begin with the library by all means, and you may read its history aloud before we look at the pictures."

By dinner time they knew more about the capitol and the wonderful Congressional library than many a native Washingtonian, and they had also learned the height of Washington's monument and all the details in connection with its construction.

After they had dined they repaired to the palm room, where to the accompaniment of sweet music each unfolded to the other various chapters of personal history, which, strange to say, they found even more interesting than the history of their country.

Barbara's sympathetic attention and undisguised interest encouraged her companion to discourse at length upon his occupation, prospects, hopes and ambitions, a compliment she returned in full, being inspired to confidence by the delightful discovery that her new acquaintance was actually the Arthur Howard of whom "Cousin Tom" was always talking, who had been his Filius Acluates at Yale and his comrade in arms in Cuba.

The precious hours flew only too quickly now. When at last Barbara felt compelled to say good night she tripped blithely to bed, happy in the knowledge that she had another whole day in Washington and that, no matter how dingy her father might be, she would not have to spend it alone.

Not even the undeniable fact that it was still raining when Barbara pulled up her window blinds the next morning could dampen her buoyant spirits.

By a strange chance Mr. Howard reached the dining room door just as Barbara and her father appeared, and, poppa having cordially greeted "the Mr. Howard who nursed Cousin Tom through that dreadful fever in Cuba," the three went in to breakfast together.

"I'm sorry, little girl, to have your visit turn out so dull," said Barbara's father as they were leaving the dining room, "but there's a meeting of directors this morning, and I'll have to be with Bryce up to train time this afternoon, so I'm afraid I can't show you around today any more than I did yesterday."

"If you and Miss Warren will permit me," cried Howard eagerly, "I shall be only too delighted to be her escort. Mine is purely a sightseeing visit."

"Capital," answered Mr. Warren. "I have a great respect for Tom's judgment, and I leave my daughter in your care with perfect confidence. Only don't take her out if it rains hard." And accepting a hasty kiss from Barbara, the busy man hurried away.

"Suppose," suggested Howard as they wandered into the drawing room, "that we read up the Smithsonian institution and the Corcoran Art gallery this morning. Then if it clears we can go out and get our luncheon and drive round to the city. By that means we can at least see the outside of all the places of interest, which will be better than going and coming to see the inside of only one."

Mr. Warren opened the door of his hotel that evening in a heavy downpour just as a closed carriage drove up. From which he was amazed to see his daughter and her escort emerge.

In spite of the rain and the thick, gloomy fog that enveloped everything Barbara's cheeks were flushed with happiness, her eyes gloriously bright.

"You've never been sightseeing in this weather, you!" Mr. Warren is they followed him in. "Are you both crazy? Where have you been?"

The young man stepped forward eagerly, but Barbara forestalled him. Laying her hand on her father's arm, she said coaxingly:

"No, dear, we're not crazy; just engaged, and we've seen the outside of everything, and"—

"And next year, sir, with your permission," broke in Howard, "we'll come back together, Barbara and I, and see the inside of them all."

"Engaged! Seen everything!" gasped the astonished old gentleman. "All inside of twenty-four hours!"

Barbara laughed.

"Two people and a guidebook can do a good deal in two days—if they understand how to study the guidebook," she declared. And her father was forced to believe that they could.

His Only Opportunity.

Coming downtown on an elevated express from Harlem last week the following impromptu lecture created considerable amusement among the passengers who heard it:

"Look here, Bob, you are an excellent talker, and it is always a pleasure to listen to you at the proper time and place. But there are a great many things in this newspaper that I want to know, and if I listen to you I shan't know them until night. I haven't an hour or two a day to read the paper in my office, as you have. If I don't read it now I shall have to take it home, or maybe not read it at all. Now, keep quiet, like a good fellow. Sorry you haven't a paper, but I'll lend you off the first page of this one as soon as I have read it."

"Good for you!" said a man who was reading while hanging to a strap, and a score of passengers who knew how it was themselves were heartless enough to laugh.—New York Times.

Rearranging the Basis.

"You are charging me $7 a week for board and lodging, Mrs. Irons," said the gray haired person of the name of Harris. "May I ask how you would itemize it? What part of it is for board?"

"Five dollars," replied the landlady.

"And $2 for my room?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you don't mind, Mrs. Irons," he said, proceeding to square up for another week, "we'll consider hereafter that I'm paying you $5 for lodging and $2 for board. It will seem more as if I were getting the worth of my money."—Chicago Tribune.

The Touch.

"A sweet book!" she exclaimed. "Not a touch of materialism in it!"

I opened the volume. On the first leaf I read:

"Two dollars and fifty cents."

"Ha!" I thought, but said nothing. I would not for the world shatter my wife's illusions.—Detroit Free Press.

One the Less.

Sunday School Teacher—How many commandments are there, Willie?

Willie—Ten.

Sunday School Teacher—And suppose you were to break one of them?

Willie—Then there'd only be nine.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WHEN THE YEAR ROLLED ROUND

By Cicely Allen

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

"It wasn't three weeks before he died that I said to Nathan Dexter, 'You'd ought to have a partner, Nathan. You're getting along in years, and with no sons'—

"'I may have no sons,' says he, 'but I've a daughter that would put half the sons of this town to shame. So long as she lives there'll be no sign over that door but the Nathan Dexter Milling company. No half baked partner is going to get into this firm just because he wears pants.'

"Myra's certainly been an amazing comfort to her father, and there ain't many girls with the money behind 'em that she has who would spend their days in a noisy mill to please a father that's dead sore because she wasn't a boy. But that's no saying she can manage the business now's he's gone.

"Well, I've heard Nathan say that Myra knew as much as he did about the business, from buying yarn to making out pay checks.

"And there's Arthur Blynn, who's been waiting three years or more for Myra. I reckon he'll have something to say about the settlement of the estate."

The object of this corner grocery gossip was at the same moment seated in the library of the Dexter home. In an easy chair by the fireplace her mother was weeping softly. On the sofa, with their arms entwined, were her two younger sisters, summoned home from college by their father's sudden death. On one side of the table was Arthur Blynn, whose eyes constantly sought the beautiful face of the girl opposite him. Some women become red eyed and maudlin in sorrow. Myra Dexter was not that sort. All during the trying time she had looked like one whose spirit had been chastened and purified by the remembrance of happy comradeship with the father who had gone before. No one, not even his wife, had known Nathan Dexter as his older daughter had known him—and loved him.

"THERE IS NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD GO OVER THESE TODAY."

She laid her slender white hand on the mass of papers which Arthur had spread before her.

"There is really no reason, Arthur, why we should go over these today. I know their contents, and mother and the girls should not be worried by business details at this time. Everything will go on exactly as when father dear was with us. The girls must return to college next week, for above all things he wished them to graduate. The business is in excellent condition, and it will not be necessary for us to change our style of living."

Mrs. Dexter coughed nervously, and Myra returned a questioning glance in her direction.

"But the mills, Myra"—

"They will be run just as father has always run them."

Mrs. Dexter flashed an appeal for help to Arthur, and Myra intercepted the glance. Her lips set more firmly. Mrs. Dexter plunged on.

"But, Myra, if the Sconset Milling company is willing to buy us out why not take their offer? This money cares fully invested, with our real estate and your dear father's insurance, would provide an ample income."

"We will not discuss the matter further just now. But this much you must expect: As executor of father's estate I shall see that the spirit as well as the letter of his will is carried out. I know it was his wish that the name of the Nathan Dexter Milling company should stand as a monument to his ability and honesty. That is the work he left to me. John Carson will be my right hand man, as he has been father's, and we shall succeed."

When the others had gone Arthur rose and with elaborate care bound up each package of papers. Myra, with her back to the high carved mantel, stood watching him.

"Myra, I am willing to serve my seven years for you, but this decision means more than seven years. It means a life work. For four years you have kept me waiting that you might please your father, and now"—

Myra slipped her hand gently through his arm.

"Just a little while longer, Arthur, until I see that the business is running smoothly under my management."

"But when it runs smoothly you will be ambitious to branch out"—

"And if I am? Why, Arthur, you men marry and go right on with your professions or your business. Marriage does not put an end to these things for you. Why should it for us women?"

"Because when the cursed professional microbe gets into a woman's system it makes her impatient of domestic life. A man can keep his business and his home life distinct—a woman never can. Myra, this is the crisis of our love. Will it be my love or your pride?"

A deep flush covered her face, then died away, leaving her very pale.

"Neither, Arthur. It is merely fulfilling the last wish of my father."

Arthur gathered up his hat and gloves. She stood proudly erect and spoke calmly.

"I trust you will continue to be our legal adviser, as you were father's?"

"Certainly," he answered courteously and was gone.

The weeks rolled into months, the months into a year. The business of the Nathan Dexter Milling company had never been so prosperous. The model cottages for employees had been built. When other mills in the vicinity had been handicapped by strikes Myra's orders had been filled with dispatch. The Boston papers had published her picture and an enterprising newspaper woman from New York had interviewed her on "The Woman In Business."

But all this had not been accomplished without cost. Myra had no social pleasures. She spent ten hours a day at the mills, and John Carson, her superintendent, was a frequent visitor at her home after dinner. The gray haired "boss" and the brown haired mistress of the Nathan Dexter mills held many anxious conferences in the lamplit library. The Dexters took a cottage by the sea for the hot weather, but Myra spent only an occasional Sunday with them.

And Arthur? Not once had he referred to their old time relations. Always attentive to his duties as their adviser, always appreciative of an evening at home in her society, he refrained from pushing his suit. At first Myra missed his small courtlike attentions. Then she became so absorbed that she regarded him only as a helpful factor in the success of her business ventures, for his advice was always sound.

So at last the holidays came, and the world made merry. Myra distributed Christmas gifts to her employees, but let her sisters buy all her presents for family and friends. The girls brought college friends home, and the festivities amused Myra.

She was thinking of this, with a frown between her clearly arched brows, when her mother came into the library. Mrs. Dexter paused in the doorway.

"I hope I am not bothering you, Myra, but I am so lonesome. The girls are out, and—and the house seems so big. I am glad you are doing so well with the business, daughter, but I—I miss you so. Since your father's death I am so much alone."

Myra pushed aside a paper covered with figures and took her mother's hand in hers. A sudden thought flashed through her mind and cut her heart. In her devotion to the dead had she overlooked her duty to the living? For some moments she sat with her arms encircling her mother's slender frame. Then they talked and all the mother love poured itself out in Mrs. Dexter's involved sentences. Not of herself did she speak, but of Myra and Arthur, patient Arthur.

The next day Myra wrote to Arthur, who was in Boston on business:

"Dearest Arthur—New Year's, they say, is the day for good resolutions. I have just made one—at least I hope you will think it is a good one. I am turning over the active business management of the mills to John Carson. Will you come home as soon as possible and draw up the partnership papers? I need you. Faithfully,

"MYRA.

"P. S. The firm name stands as of old, Nathan Dexter Milling company. Isn't John Carson a dear old fellow?"

And Arthur wired back:

"Happy New Year. Leave tonight. God bless John Carson—and my Myra!"

How a Duke Bought a Wife.

In a church near Edgeware, England, is the mortuary chapel of the Chandos family, with a huge marble tombstone and a figure in Roman costume of the Duke of Chandos, with one of his wives on either side. A romantic story is told about the marriage of the duke's third wife. The duke, who lived early in the eighteenth century, is said to have been driving through Marlborough and while halting at the castle inn to have heard a woman's screams proceeding from the yard. He went to see what was the matter and found a beautiful girl at the mercy of a hostler, who was beating her cruelly. The duke interfered and the hostler declared that the girl was his wife, and therefore he had a right to beat her, but that he was willing to sell her for $100. The duke paid down the money and took the girl away, had her educated and eventually married her. The quaint story is recorded in a book which is preserved in the British museum and which is bound in crimson velvet that remained over from the coffin of the duchess.

Burnt Clay Roads.

About 50,000 cubic yards of burnt clay ballast will be used in constructing roads in the St. Louis world's fair grounds. The material is bright red in color, is hard as macadam and packs nicely under rollers. It is to be used as macadam is used for the construction of roads and walks. Burnt clay absorbs rain as readily as cinders and becomes a brighter red in consequence. The material is made from a particular kind of clay known as gumbo clay by being burned in a slow fire made of alternate layers of slack coal and clay.

Scotland Insulted.

A highland waiter once refused to serve Max O'Rell at dinner, and when reproved explained: "It's no' to be expected that a self respecting Scotsman could serve him with ceeveelity. Didn't he say we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"—St. James Gazette.

Plainly Evident.

"Bridget," queried Mrs. Scribble, "do you know why I am called a literary woman?"

"Yiesum, Oi think Oi do," responded the menial, with a despairing look at the room.—Houston Post.

LIFE BY THE CLOCK.

Doing Things on Time May Be Carried to Dangerous Extremes.

An eminent physician at a recent gathering of his profession directed notice afresh to the daily tension under which most Americans do their work. We rise on time, he remarked, in the morning, whether by an alarm clock, by the call of a servant or by habit, eat breakfast and read the paper on time, a clock in every room and a watch frequently in our hand. We then, on time, meet office and outside engagements, always preconsidering the amount of time that will be required and timing the next engagement accordingly. Often we subdivide this time and note by our watches exactly how long we can discuss a subject.

Doubtless punctuality is a virtue. Doubtless also the practice of doing things exactly on time has won for us as a people a large measure of industrial success. But, carried to an extreme, as it often is, it is wearing to the individual. That people whose nerves break down from exhaustion incident to overwork are often not so much the victims of overwork as the habit of compressing every bit of work within prearranged limits of time. Let any one try the experiment of doing a given piece of work steadily and with application, but without noticing by his watch or clock how much time he is consuming, and he will be amazed to find how much easier it will go than when he is timing himself and scheming to bring the prescribed task within a fixed number of minutes.

We know a great deal more about sanitary matters than our fathers and grandfathers knew. We have hunted down microbes. We have concocted serums. Diseases which were once regarded as visitations of Providence we now know to be preventable, and we take suitable means of preventing them. All these discoveries and new remedies ought to diminish the death rate and to promote longevity. They have not done so, as a matter of fact. Perhaps they might do so if they had a fair chance. The trouble is that along with these devices for lengthening life we are adopting practices which tend to shorten it. One of the most worrying of these is the habit of bringing all details of our work within exact time limits.—Boston Transcript.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

The chemical forces are nearer akin to the vital forces than to the physical forces.

A body weighing one pound on earth would weigh twenty-seven and a half pounds upon the sun.

The mechanical force of the sound emitted from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 comets would equal but one horse power.

The highest speed which matter has been known to reach is that attained by the eruption of hydrogen and other gases from the sun, which is at times several hundred miles a second.

The star Sirius, which is shown to be about double the size of our sun, emits from forty to sixty fold more light than the sun owing to its matter being much more diffused.

Two hundred and eighty stars north of —20° declension have a velocity through space of twenty miles per second. The speed of our solar system is but 12.4 miles per second.

The most delicate scale is made by fixing one end of a fine thread of glass. The atom to be weighed is placed at the free end and the degree of the bending of the thread under it noted. This has to be done under a glass which magnifies a hundred times.

Judged by His Voice.

One day Sir Algernon West, a well known member of parliament from London, was observed by one of the doorkeepers talking to a gentleman who had a rasping, raucous voice and a demonstrative, excited manner. While the conversation was in progress Sir Algernon received the card of another member of parliament and its intimation that its owner wished to see him. "Sorry; I'm engaged," was the answer. Next moment up came another card from a well known peer. Again an apology was returned. In another minute the doorkeeper came carrying a huge card and saying that the lord mayor and sheriffs of London wished very urgently to see Sir Algernon. The latter excused himself from the gentleman with whom he was conversing. This was too important to resist. "There ain't nobody here," whispered the doorkeeper when he got the member outside, "only I was afraid a madman had been shown in to you by mistake, and I wanted to warn you."

The Parson's Idea.

"Parson," said the colored brother, "don't you think dat by de time de place what Satan live at orter be check full?"

"Well," replied the parson, "'cordin' to all human calkerlations hit orter be, but you kin depen' on one thing."

"Fo what's dat?"

"Satan ain't gwine let 'em fool him in de real estate business en gobble up de outlying coal lands whilst dey's one sinner left in de world."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Water Moccasin.

"I never could understand," began the cheerful idiot, who had just been listening to a dissertation on poisonous snakes.

"Never could understand what?" put in the rubberneck.

"I never could fully understand why a rubber shoe wasn't entitled to be called a water moccasin."—Baltimore American.

Where the Work Came In.

D'Auber—I only got $25 for that painting.

Friend—Well, you didn't put much work on it.

D'Auber—What! I guess you never saw me trying to sell it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Cheerful Outlook.

Guest—Here, waiter. Has my bill been made out yet?

Waiter—No, not yet. The proprietor says that his ideas seem to come very slowly today.

Professional Cards.

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Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
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Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-5 p. m. 7-8 p. m.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
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First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find
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all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
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Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

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ARE YOU BUILDING?

A new house or repairing an old one? If you are we have everything you need and would like to give you prices.

CEMENT,

LIME,

WALL PLASTER,

BRICK,

DOORS, WINDOWS, &C.,

LUMBER,

SEWER PIPE, LAND TILE,

SHINGLES AND ALL THE REST.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner,

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 30, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A remnant sale is being advertised by Fry & Herzog this week.

—Friday is the day for the Austin-Smethport ball game at Kane field.

—Alf. T. Smith has resigned his position as editor of the Jeannette Dispatch.

—Coudersport people are worried for fear their window glass factory will not run this coming season.

—D. C. Young is offering reductions in shirt waists and shirt waist suits in his advertisement this week.

—An exchange says that the man who waits for something to turn up generally discovers that it is his toes.

—Anothers Meyers suspect was arrested near Danville last week. Tioga county authorities decided that he was not the man wanted.

—The Port Allegany Argus is authority for the report that the Pennsylvania Railroad will build a $30,000 depot in that place in the near future.

—Sporting papers say that "Shingle House" Jones will play with the Brooklyn National League team next season at a salary of $4,500 a year. He jumped the Brooklyn team two years ago for the Chicago American League team. He is now said to be receiving $2,000 a year, or $500 a month for the six months he is employed by the club. Smethport has one or two players who might be doing as well only for one thing and well they know what this thing is.

—Arthur Slade, who is employed on the opera house building by Contractor Button, fell from a scaffold, a distance of 16 feet, Wednesday afternoon. He struck on his back and shoulders. He was taken to the Work boarding house on Chestnut street, and Dr. Otto called. It was thought at first that he was seriously injured, but upon examination it was found that no bones were broken. At this writing he is able to be about but is terribly bruised and sore.—Port Allegany Argus.

—The most miserable creatures on earth are those who hate—the happiest are those who love. Love sets the spirits aglow. Hate depresses them. When you hate people and speak ill of them, and wait opportunities for revenge, you injure yourself beyond measure. You injure the party hated not at all. Looking through the glasses of a sour and envious nature you imagine a person to be full of mean traits and deformities. It is yourself you see. No wonder it makes you furious.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

—A tip for the boys: Learn a trade. There is every year a stronger demand for carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, machinists, bricklayers, stonemasons and electricians. A good trade is money in your pocket every day in the week. Every year the wages of skilled labor is increased and it will only be a short time before an eight hour day will be universal.—Bolivar Breeze.

—When a man gets real mad he will throw away money lawing it, says the Bolivar Breeze. D. J. Dougherty of Friendship lent a neckyoke, value 75 cents, to Foster & Starr of Friendship. It was not returned and Dougherty lost his temper. He used to recover, employing J. T. Ward. The defendants stood pat and employed J. F. Rice. A jury of five men good and true heard the evidence and disagreed. Another jury will pass on the case next month. The "neckyoke case" is creating lots of sport in Friendship. All parties realize that it is a foolish proposition to law over but hate to acknowledge it.

Nickel Plate New Station.

Nickel Plate trains are now running into their elegant new passenger station in the heart of Chicago, convenient to theatres, principal hotels, etc., and located on elevated loop of all city and suburban electric lines. Nickel Plate passenger trains are finest run, carrying new high back seat coaches, latest Pullmans and dining cars, serving club meals 35c to $1.00, also meals a la carte. Also afford a tri-weekly transcontinental tourist sleeping car service to Pacific coast points. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

G. A. R. San Francisco.

The Nickel Plate road will sell special excursion tickets July 31st to morning trains Aug. 14th at rate $60.50 Buffalo, N. Y., to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Calif., good returning to Oct. 15th. Tickets are first class and provide for stopovers and reverse routes west of Missouri river. Splendid opportunity to visit beautiful California at lowest possible cost. Most complete train equipment, including transcontinental tourist sleeping cars. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

His Auspicious Beginning.

"To gratify the curiosity of the public, Mr. Dollaraline," purred the young person with the notebook, "will you please tell me if the first contribution you ever sent to a magazine was accepted?"

The literary celebrity smiled genially.

"I am happy to say it was," he answered.

"What was it?"

"Four dollars for a year's subscription."—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason.

Mrs. Newed (as husband arrives home from work)—Oh, George, our new cook is a perfect gem! Why, she already has the kitchen looking like a parlor.

Mr. Newed—Humph! Expecting company tonight, is she?—Town and Country.

Correspondence.

FARMERS VALLEY.

Another social event was held in Tyler's hall last Friday evening. Guests were present from Rew City, Wellsville, Sartwell, Eldred, Ceres and Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. George Otto were called to Port Allegany one day last week by the serious illness of the former's daughter.

Daniel Derby had the misfortune to break his leg last week Tuesday. His many friends wish for a speedy recovery.

Miss Opal Fields of Hazelhurst has been visiting her brother, Fredy and family in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cunningham of East Smethport called on Miss Nellie McGill last Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Caldwell has been visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Warner of Bradford.

Mrs. Nellie Austin of Ceres and Mrs. Nellie Smith of Austin are visiting at H. D. Otto's.

Miss Tina Otto of Smethport is visiting relatives and friends in town.

A Household Jewel.

A family in the southern part of the city employed what they believed to be a "household jewel." For a few days she proved to be all that they had anticipated, and everything went smoothly. One day, however, the husband came down to breakfast and made the announcement that they must get rid of the new girl.

"Why, John, you must be crazy!" said his wife with amazement. "She's the best girl we ever had, so respectful and a fine cook."

"That makes no difference. She isn't honest."

"Oh, well, we'll never miss a loaf of bread once in awhile. Her folks may need it more than we do."

"That isn't it. Early this morning I saw her creep into our room, go to my pocket, take my pocketbook and empty it."

"Oh, well, dear, perhaps it's force of habit; you know she's been married."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The First Automobile.

In these days of fast motoring and high railway speeds it is interesting to recall that it was in July, 1829, some little time before George Stephenson had solved the problem of steam transport, that Sir Goldsworthy Gurney made his famous journey in a "steam carriage" from London to Bath and back. Gurney was a surgeon in Marylebone, greatly given to the working out of inventions in his spare time, and it took him some years to complete his first "motor" in his back yard in Albany street in London. He accomplished the journey to and from Bath at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and there was only one disturbing incident, when a crowd assembled at Melksham set upon the machine and, having burned their fingers, threw stones and seriously wounded the stoker. This Gurney journey stands as the first example of locomotion by steam in England.

They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portraits of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master with suspicious blandness.

"Oh, aye, we knew that!" replied the corporation.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price and—trust a Glaswegian—made an excellent bargain.

Corrosive Ink.

With an impatient grunt the bookkeeper threw away his pen and put a new one in the holder. "It's terrible," he said, "how ink corrodes pens. In six or seven hours a new pen will begin to scratch. It keeps me busy changing the blamed things, let alone the expense. There's money in it for the man who will invent a noncorrosive ink." An old man, a bill collector, remarked to him: "My young friend, I'll tell you a sure way to stop your ink from corroding your pen. Take a few rusty iron nails and put them in your ink well. The ink's corrosive acid will play itself out on the nails, and in consequence your pen will escape. A pen that only lasts you a day now should, with my method, last at least a week."—Philadelphia Record.

Hospitality Pays.

Cities and communities frequently expend large sums of money in entertaining conventions, conferences and other public gatherings, both because of a spirit of hospitality prevailing or through a sinister desire to "advertise the city." After the affair is over and the visitors have gone their several ways the people ask one of the other, "Does it pay to spend money thus?" There never was a case of public hospitality that didn't pay, if not in dollars and cents, in the extension and broadening of that finest of all sentiments, the brotherhood of man.—Dayton Herald.

If men were relatively as strong as brutes they could juggle with weights of several tons.

Future of Young Lawyers.

"Young lawyers no longer can create their own opportunities," said a supreme court justice. "All a young lawyer had to do a generation ago was to hang out his shingle and hustle and wait. If he was well equipped for the bar he had a good chance to succeed. About all a young man can do now after he is graduated from the law school is to get in the office of a law firm at a small salary and work up, and if he is successful about the highest goal he can expect to reach is the position of managing clerk, though there is a chance of his being taken into the firm after long years of service.

"The big law firms and lawyers that make a specialty of real estate law, marine law, civil law, criminal law, etc., have revolutionized practice. In the days of Webster and Choate a lawyer was prepared to handle any kind of a case that came up, but now practice is specialized.

"On this account a young lawyer starting alone has little chance of winning fame and fortune unless he is unusually well backed."—New York Press.

Arabian Delicacies.

In a recent Egyptian review may be found some curious extracts from Al Djahez, a celebrated scientist of the tenth century. Speaking of the favorite dishes of the Arabians of that epoch, he says that they considered the flesh of young dogs a great delicacy, and also ate grasshoppers and scorpions with much relish. Moreover, they esteemed the flesh of black cats highly, since they maintained that any one who ate it could not be injured either by sorcery or by the evil eye.

Al Djahez also says that he was disappointed when he found that the Arabian tribes of Bassorah did not eat grasshoppers, but, on the other hand, was highly delighted to find his friend, the famous poet Roobah, feasting royally on roast rats and lizards. The Arabians, he says in conclusion, also ate serpents and horses, but took the utmost care only to serve at table horses which had been harnessed, as they did not consider it right to eat those which had been ridden.

Mice That Subsist on Scorpions.

Among the queer forms of animal life that inhabit Death valley is a mouse that has acquired such a taste for scorpions that they form its entire bill of fare. The scorpion carries its formidable armament in the end of its slender, elongated abdomen in the shape of an exceedingly venomous hooked sting. When disturbed it elevates this in the air and goes in search of its disturber. But it is comparatively slow in its motions, while mice are proverbial for their quickness the world over. The mouse learned many generations ago where the scorpion carries its weapon, and when he meets it he leaps at the uplifted abdomen, takes off the sting at a single bite and proceeds to make a meal of his helpless prey. It is supposed to be the only animal that relishes scorpions.

Gladstone and the Actor.

An English speaker related this anecdote to an audience of theatrical employes: "Mr. Gladstone, when Mr. Beerbohm Tree was introduced to him, hardly knew upon what topic to converse with him, but at length asked Mr. Tree's opinion as to the politics of the stage, whether it is, as a rule, Liberal or Conservative. 'Well, sir,' said Mr. Tree wickedly, 'I really have not studied the question, but I should think the actors are mostly Conservative.' 'Dear me,' replied Mr. Gladstone, 'I wonder whether there is any exception to that rule?' 'I should say,' replied Mr. Tree, 'the scene shifters are Radicals to a man.'"

Arsenic a Necessity.

Arsenic—that terrible poison, abhorred of all people for ages, the chief ingredient of the philters of antiquity of the middle ages, when they were designed to get rid of a troublesome enemy—arsenic is neither more nor less than a constituent element of the tissues of all living beings, vegetable or animal. Without arsenic no life is possible. This purveyor of death is one of the great supporters of life. Such is the apparent paradox affirmed by Professor Armand Gautier as the result of physiological and clinical observations.—Paris Nature.

The distracting headaches from which so many women suffer make life a daily purgatory. If men suffered with headache as women do, business would be almost at a standstill. Does not the fact that men do not suffer from these severe headaches suggest that there must be a womanly cause for them?

When the womanly organism is diseased, headache, backache, nervousness and sleeplessness are consequences which are sure to follow.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures headaches and other aches and pains by curing their cause. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It soothes pain and builds up the nerves. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into happy, healthy women. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits.

"I took two bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and am feeling well," writes Mrs. Dan McLaurin, of Lorway Mines, Cape Breton Co., Nova Scotia. "I had uterine trouble, pain in the side and headache. After taking your medicines I got well. You may publish this or use it in any way you think best, as I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly diseases. Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in its place.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps for the the book in paper covers, or thirty-one stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GRENUM PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

WHY?

When we place on sale, as we do,

This and Next Week,

$10.50, $11.00 and $12.00 Suits at

$9.50

and give 95 Yellow Trading Stamps with each Suit and stamps in proportion with any sale, you will soon know

WHY

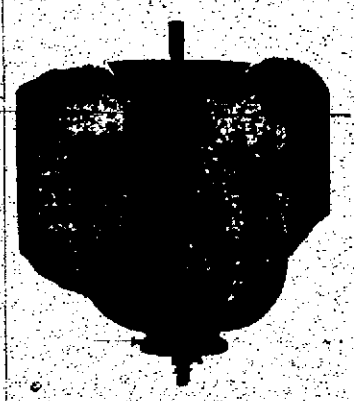
we hold our old customers, and please new ones.

25 per cent Reduction, including Trading Stamps on all

Children's Clothing.

Wm. Monheimer.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gasburners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the

DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 30, 1903

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

THE $41,000,000 dropped from the internal revenue last year may be counted as dividends paid to prosperity.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE State Board of Health has inaugurated a crusade against the sale of toy pistols. This action is taken after fifty lives have been sacrificed in this State as a result of tetanus, the consequence of toy pistol and cannon cracker accidents, on July 4th.—Bradford Era.

AN invention for manufacturing gas out of chalk has been tried in Sussex, England, with, it is said, surprising success. To every hundred tons of chalk will be mixed about ten tons of coke or coke breeze, and from this it is claimed 10,500,000 cubic feet of gas will be obtained.

Two firms on Wall street were forced to suspend business on Friday. Talbot J. Taylor & Co. and W. L. Stow & Co. of the New York Stock Exchange were the ones to go under. These failures were caused by the slump in the prices of stocks which was experienced last week. Financiers do not attribute the failures to anything but the wild speculation in stocks. On Monday the sales were brisk and there was a general upward tendency in prices.

A SCRANTON, Pa., mob attempted to lynch John Peel, a D., L. & W. detective, last Saturday night, because he had gained evidence against a number of people there which would convict them of stealing brass and other junk belonging to the company. This is carrying the lynching craze altogether too far. There is but one crime which in any way justifies lynching and when it comes to attempting to lynch a man for doing his duty such mobs should be severely dealt with by the authorities.

THE Kearsarge has won the title of Queen of the Navy by beating all battleship long distance records and finishing a 2,000 mile run in fighting trim. Her time from the Needles to Mount Desert Rock, a distance of 2,000 miles, was nine days, four hours and fifteen minutes including difference of time, which was approximately five hours. Her average speed was approximately 13.16 knots. This is half a knot better than her average, made on the eastern trip, of 3,200 miles from Sandy Hook to the Needles, June 3 to 11, inclusive.

HON. JOHN H. Fow of Philadelphia and ex-Representative Mayne of Lehigh are going to have a joint debate on the Pennsylvania libel bill at Mt. Gretna. It will be interesting to see what is done with what is left of the Lehigh supporter of the measure after the debate is over. Chairman Hall of the Democratic State Committee is suggested by the Philadelphia Press as the man to umpire the debate, not having voted for or against the act. In the course of the discussion perhaps Mr. Hall might get enough information on the subject to enable him to commit himself.

DON'T kick your own town for being dull, says an exchange, for remember that it is the spirit of the community that makes any town what it is. Energy and enterprise make things boom, so stir around and do something for your own town. How, you will say? Well, just lend a willing hand and words of encouragement to every person that is trying to do something that may be of a benefit to the public. Encourage all public enterprise and don't eternally be finding fault with this or that being done, but go at it and do something yourself to help the business of your town. Public spirit and united effort of citizens generally make a village progressive and lively.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 27, 1903.

The people of the United States did not require demonstration of the fact that their President is entirely fearless or that he proposes to administer the affairs of the Government with absolute justice, regardless of his own political fortunes, but they have received it in the courageous position assumed by the President with regard to the employment of union labor in the various departments of the government. The case of William Miller, an assistant foreman of the government printing office, called forth from the President the enunciation of a policy which for fifty years no President has dared proclaim. This is to the effect that no discrimination shall be made between union and non-union labor in the employ of the government. Mr. Roosevelt cites the decision of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission in support of his decision, the commission having decided that men in the coal mines must not be discriminated against because they were not members of a union.

Miller was dismissed by the public printer because he had been expelled from the Bookbinder's Union. Miller's crime was an attempt to save money for the government by insisting on the performance of more work than the union permitted his subordinates to do. It must be understood that the Bookbinders' Union in Washington prescribed a limit to the amount of work which each man shall perform in a day. Finally, when Miller refused to yield to the dictation of the union, he was expelled from its membership and immediately discharged by the public printer for that reason, a proceeding which Mr. Roosevelt characterizes as lacking in "elementary decency." The President promptly ordered Miller reinstated. This has been done. The bookbinders have now filed charges with the public printer which they believe will prove ample to warrant Miller's discharge, but they have also issued a statement to the effect that they cannot work in the office with Miller but will be compelled to strike if he is retained in his present position. The unfortunate part of the situation is that the constitution of the union conflicts with the laws of the United States, so that if the public printer should not find sufficient ground for discharging Miller he could not according to law dismiss him and the binders, according to the laws of their union, could not remain. If, again, the binders were to strike they would be conspiring against the government and could never be reinstated without a change of the United States statutes by Congress. What the outcome of this peculiar situation will be it is impossible to predict. In several similar instances previous Presidents have forced the issue and now that President Roosevelt has met it squarely there are many who believe it will not cost him the sensible labor vote of the country. The government is still a little bigger than any union, whether of capital or of labor, and sensible capitalists and laborers will see that it stays bigger.

Reports from Oyster Bay are to the effect that Speaker-to-be Cannon has agreed to oppose the consideration of financial legislation which will be presented at the next session of Congress. Mr. Cannon was summoned to Oyster Bay by the President to confer on this subject which the President regards as of grave importance. Some skeptical persons maintain that Mr. Cannon has not yet made any promise which amounts to anything for the reason that it is never necessary for the Speaker to oppose legislation as no legislation can receive consideration unless he actually favors it. It is generally believed, however, that some measure will be devised which will remedy existing defects in the financial system and which will, at the same time, meet with the approval of the Republican leaders in both houses of Congress. The device which appears to be most in favor is a law authorizing all national banks to issue notes to the extent of 75 per cent of their capital stock, subject to a tax of 5 per cent per annum. It is maintained that such notes would be issued only in time of emergency and would be promptly retired when the emergency was passed because the tax would render their maintenance in circulation unprofitable, once the emergency had passed.

After years of discussion and contention shipbuilding in the navy yards of the country has at last found favor with the higher naval officers who have come to believe that it would be desirable for the government to build its own vessels. Moreover, it is claimed that the constant work which would ensue were the government to build its own ships would materially increase the value of the yards and would have a tendency to prevent the labor difficulties which now arises from the necessity which confronts employes of finding work elsewhere at certain seasons of the year. Rear Admiral Bowles is now preparing for Secretary Moody a statement based on the work of building the Connecticut in the New York navy yard. The admiral has already found that not less than 2 per cent of the total cost of the ship will be saved on the inspection expenses as a result of government construction. The government is preparing to complete the cruiser Galveston, now at Norfolk, and will build the sailing vessels Intrepid and Cumberland. The training brig authorized by the last Congress will be built in the Portsmouth (N. H.) navy yard.

Secretary Hay is doing all in his power to avert a war between Russia and Japan, although there is still a possibility that it will be impossible to restrain the cocky little oriental nation. A new cause of contention has just arisen in Corea where the government which is dominated by Japan, has just ordered telegraph poles cut down along the line of a railroad owned by Russians. It is claimed by the Japanese that the Russian navy has never been tried and probably would not fight to advantage, whereas the Japanese navy has already demonstrated its prowess.

Prosperity of the Keystone State.

At the time when the price of United States Steel stock seemed to be the sensation of the day it is worth while calling attention to the statistics just issued from the executive offices at Harrisburg, which tell more truths than the stock-ticker. This has been called the Keystone State for more years than can be remembered by the oldest inhabitant. For years it contained the national capital, which it exchanged for certain commercial privileges. For many years it was the deciding State in national elections, and thus was the maker of Presidents, though only one ever came from its borders. In fact, Pennsylvania has always tried to represent the best element of the country in all walks of life. It has given the Nation statesmen, poets and captains of industry, not to mention a great many millions of industrious and prosperous citizens.

As we are within measurable reach of a time when the question of prosperity will become a great national issue, it is worth while calling attention to the fact that wages speak louder than arguments and that facts beat all the theories which were ever promulgated from the whole of Populistic Nebraska. It is to be sincerely hoped that our readers appreciate the value of masses in contrast. It may be that they object to reading columns of figures, but they cannot fail to be impressed by the contrast between conditions to-day and seven years ago, when Grover Cleveland was in power at Washington.

The output of pig-iron has increased more than one hundred per cent. and almost one hundred and fifty per cent. if the figures of last June could be taken into consideration. At present this State alone is producing more pig-iron than the whole of Great Britain, which a few years ago had control of the iron markets of the world. In the matter of wages paid the output is no less satisfactory. Wages have increased by the day, and there have been many more men at work than ever before in our history. These are not idle boasts. They tell a story that cannot be gainsaid, and in addition to the records referred to, there have been many imports from abroad. Just now the nation has about caught up, so that the increased product of the country about equals the demand, but most of the increase has come from this State.

We wish our readers to ponder over things and to remember them one year from to-day, when the blatherskites will be yelling calamity and trying to paint in glorious colors the last administration of Grover Cleveland—an era fraught with more ruin to more persons than any since the civil war. Let us not forget. Remember Grover Cleveland and the quasi-Free Trade experiment.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A house broom given away with every $5 cash purchase. Yellow trading stamps besides. J. C. HAMLIN.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

Subscribe for the MINER.

J. COLEGROVE.

New Cheese, New Potatoes,
New Comb Honey,
Fresh Eggs,
Maple Sugar & Syrup,
Quaker Oats, Mothers Oats,
Banner Oats, Force,
Malta Valta.

"IT"

Olive, Olive Oils, Solid Dressings, Mustards, Sardines

Flour has advanced about one dollar bbl. Our price is way down according to price of flour at will.

Try me for prompt delivery of your next order for groceries.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS
PLAYING
CARDS.

SOMETHING
NEW IN
STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I. X. L. Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist,
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

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under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

$10 IF $10

YOU WANT A

10 DOLLAR SUIT

We want to say to you that uncommon Suits for Ten Dollars is our kind.

They are perfect fitting, well tailored suits, such as any man might wear with dignity—suits that are satisfactory the very first time they are put on, and that continue to satisfy till they're worn out.

We've a Ten Dollar line that includes All Wool Serges, Cheviots, Scotches and Cassimeres in plain colors, handsome mixtures and patterns. Try one on if you like—we shall not insist upon your buying.

It is easy to match the price of these suits but not so easy to match the quality at the price.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Go to the store of

D. C. YOUNG

for

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

Same will be closed out at cost, without discount, to make room for fall goods.

All other merchandise will be discounted as heretofore advertised. These discounts are much better than trading stamps and my increased sales during the last few weeks show that customers appreciate the same.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., July 27, 1903.

Special Reduction Sale.

From now until July 4 I will sell, to reduce my stock, all suits at the following reduced prices:

$22 SUITS for $20.
$25 " " $22.
$28 " " $25.

Higher priced suits in proportion.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

ORDER NOW.

You may order that suit by mail if you cant come personally. Out of town folks are handicapped somewhat.

Can't come right away when we advertise cut prices, and so we continue our semi-annual clearance sale all July.

All Summer Clothing Reduced.

Men's Suits, Trousers, Boys' Suits, Shirts, Underwear, etc., to prices about ¼ less.

No profit left. We know that.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double-Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY

Queen Quality Shoes.

We give

Red Trading Stamps

also cash tickets which are redeemable in china ware. Ask for them.

Wash Goods, Shirt Waists, and Dressing Sacques.

Remnant Sale of Wash Goods.

Ever since cotton dress goods began to sell last February, short ends and odd lengths have been accumulating until now we have enough to start the usual remnant sale. Remnant prices on everything, which means a great cut.

Silk Albatross,	Regular price,	45c, now	24c.
Flemish Lace Stripe,	" "	25c, "	19c.
Mercerized Lace Stripe,	" "	35c, "	21c.
Embroid. Swiss Lawn,	" "	25c, "	17½c.
Dotted Swiss Muslin,	" "	18c, "	10c.
Silk Chambray,	" "	25c, "	14c.
Corded Chambray,	" "	18c, "	10c.

Women's Shirt Waists.

We are conducting at the present time a great sale of Women's Shirt Waists. It represents purchases from makers who closed us out lots at big reductions.

Pretty waists made of fine Lawn trimmed with val. lace, full Bishop sleeve and high stock collars. $1.50 Values - - 98c.

Fine white Persian lawn waists, broad stitched plaits and bands of insertion in front, Bishop sleeves and high stock collar. Worth $1.25 - - - - 79c.

Dressing Sacques at Cut Prices.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

An Unassailable Position.

Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only through Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best that anybody can make. As a result the Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends and customers than any other gas range on the market. Come in and see them.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner,

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 30, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See Holmes & Gilfillan's new advertisement this week.

—A new crosswalk has been put across Main street at Franklin street.

—Attend the ball game between Austin and Smethport to-morrow.

—H. H. Redfield is having his beautiful home on Main street painted.

—All kinds of photo mounting board at this office at reasonable prices.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Bell Monday morning a ten pound boy.

—Miss Irma Wells gave a party to a number of young friends Tuesday afternoon.

—Three more students of Warner's Business College have taken positions at Bradford.

—A new sidewalk has been laid on the Franklin street side of the St. Elizabeth's church property.

—We can furnish you with picture mounts of any size and we also have an excellent variety of fancy mount board.

—A large party of L. O. T. M. are holding a picnic on the Comes farm today. They are the guests of Mrs. M. S. Comes.

—A number of young people of this place drove to Port Allegany Sunday and attended the Epworth League convention.

—John Mellander died at his home in Mt. Jewett on Sunday of last week. He was a native of Sweden and was 80 years of age.

—It is reported that W. S. Haines is dangerously ill at New Castle. His many friends in this place will hope for his speedy recovery.

—Mrs. G. M. Fenstermaker of Mt. Jewett is not suffering with smallpox as reported last week. There is no smallpox in Mt. Jewett now.

—John Gorman, mention of whose lynching at Red Lodge, Mont., was made in our last issue, was formerly a resident of Port Allegany.

—Maurice Hall has been in Bradford for some time past, putting caps on the tanks of the window and bottle glass factories. Mr. Hall does excellent work in this line.

—Dave Dennison of the Bradford Era aptly remarks that if the "Bobo" business is to continue it will be advisable to organize societies for the prevention of cruelty to reptiles.

—Elisha K. Kane has completed plans for a brick plant to be located between the two chemical works at Knsheqna. The work will be rushed to permit operations before cold weather sets in.

—The members of the Protected Home Circle and their invited guests will hold a basket picnic at Nunandahi park on Thursday, August 6. Let every member be on deck.

—Mrs. F. C. Surtwell gave a party Tuesday afternoon in honor of her daughter Margaret's birthday. In the evening she gave a party in the park for Miss Anna Berg.

—Austin vs. Smethport at Kane field, Smethport, to-morrow. This will be one of the most hotly contested games of the season and all lovers of baseball in this section should make preparations to see this game.

—Robert Fitzsimmons, actor and pugilist, and Miss Julia May Gifford, actress, were married at Miss Gifford's hotel, San Francisco, Cal., on Saturday last. Fitz gave his age as 41 and that of the bride as 28 years.

—The ball game at Kane field Friday afternoon between the Mt. Alton and Smethport Juniors resulted in a victory of 17 to 13 in favor of the boys from the hill town. A rank decision in the ninth inning ended the game abruptly for the Juniors.

—Owen Garvey, aged 65 years, was killed while returning from a visit to his wife's grave at Olean last Thursday afternoon. He was walking along the Pennsylvania railroad track when he was struck by a train and his head crushed.

—Lightning struck the smoke stack on McKean Bros.' mill yesterday afternoon, but did practically no damage. W. E. McCammon, the fireman, was standing on the ovens at the time and was knocked down by the shock but was not injured.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Halliwell Saturday morning. Mother and child are doing well, while the hustling manager of the "Fidelity" is evidently a firm believer in President Roosevelt's theory of expansion.—Kane Republican.

—At St. Luke's church the services on next Sunday will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The subject of the lesson will be "The Judges in Israel." There will be a selection of anthems at the evening service. The offerings will be for general missions.

—The Smethport Land and Improvement Company has a new advertisement this week in regard to the lots this company offers for sale. All these lots are desirable for building purposes and those who wish to own a home can find encouragement by calling on the secretary.

—Henry Johnson has moved his family here from Smethport and occupies a cottage on Vine street. We welcome the family to Port Allegany. Mr. Johnson is in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad company and has charge of this section of the road.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Certain people in Johnsonburg have commenced to enforce the old Pennsylvania "blue laws" and Philip McLane, clerk at the Armstrong Hotel, has been arrested and fined $4 for selling cigars on Sunday. Rev. J. H. Jelliart, pastor of the M. E church, was the complainant. It is time these ridiculous old laws were repealed.

—While playing around a bonfire near her home at State Line, Tuesday, Nellie McKane, the 9-year-old daughter of Mr. C. F. McKane, overturned a bottle of crude oil, which ignited and enveloped the little one in flames. The girl was so badly burned that she died at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, after suffering intensely.—Bradford Era.

—Pittsburg is having an epidemic of typhoid fever. Last week 112 new cases were reported. Health officials have become seriously alarmed within the past week at the remarkable number of new cases officially reported to the health bureau, and they express the belief that the record of the past six days is but a starter of what is coming the remainder of the summer.

—If you want a tropical plant to grace your window collection, cut the top off a pineapple and put it in a jar of water and place it in a sunny window, says an exchange. In about four weeks a mass of roots will start, then pot it in rich, sandy soil and give an abundance of sunshine and water and it will grow right along and form a pretty plant as well as a novelty.

—A Salamanca dispatch dated July 25 says: William Wickson of Sugar Run, Pa., received injuries here last evening which may result in death. He was hanging to the side of a moving freight train when he was struck by a car on a siding and thrown under the wheels of the train he was on. His left arm was cut off near the shoulder and he sustained other severe injuries.

—The remains of the late Mrs. Mary Park of Waynesburg, Pa., formerly of this city, were brought to this city this morning and taken to Lane's morgue. Funeral services were conducted from there this morning at 10 o'clock, the Rev. George M. Hickman officiating. The burial was made in Oak Hill cemetery.—Bradford Star of Saturday. The deceased was a sister of Allen Park of this place.

—A forty-barrel oil well has just been drilled in the Pithole field. In the early days the Pithole field was the greatest in the world and many oil men are of the belief that oil is continually forming under these old fields. This theory is supported to a certain extent by the wonderfully long life of the McKean county oil fields. Many of these wells are over twenty years old and still good producers.

—A dispatch from Shreveport, La., dated July 26, says: Information reached Shreveport to-day that the negress, Jennie Steer, who administered poison in a glass of lemonade to Lizzie Dolan, the 16-year-old daughter of John Dolan, from the effects of which she died, was lynched by a mob last night. The lynching occurred on the Beard plantation near the spot where the woman's crime was committed. She was stubborn to the last, denying her crime.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 25, 1903:

George Dailey, J. Freman, J. D. Murray, Mrs. Caroline Negle, Will Otto 3, Charlie Shear.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Wanted: 50 Men and Women

John W. Voorhees, the enterprising druggist, is advertising to-day for fifty men and women to take advantage of the special half-price offer he is making on Dr. Howard's celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia, and get a fifty cent package at half price, 25 cents.

So positive is he of the remarkable power of this specific to cure these diseases, as well as sick headaches and liver troubles, that he agrees to refund the money to any customer whom this medicine does not quickly relieve and cure.

If you cannot call at John W. Voorhees' store to-day, send him 25 cents by mail, and he will send you a package, promptly, charges paid.

Reduced Rates to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

On account of the National Encampment, G. A. R., at San Francisco, Cal., August 17 to 22, 1903, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles from all stations on its lines, from July 21 to August 13, inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be good for return passage to reach original starting point not later than October 15, inclusive, when executed by Joint Agent at Los Angeles or San Francisco and payment of 50 cents made for this service. For specific information regarding rates and routes, apply to Ticket Agents.

Carriages For Sale.

2 Nice Rubber Tire Runabouts.
1 Canopy Top Surrey.
1 Solid Panel Back Road Wagon.
1 Spindle Body Top Buggy.
Several second-hand Top and Spindle Seat Buggies.
Prices right.

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., July 23, 1903. 3t

For Sale

A team of heavy work horses, harness and single carriage, robes, etc. For further information inquire at this office.

A hand sprayer, 3 different streams. Vegetables, bushes, tall trees and washing windows; will reach 3d story.

J. C. HAMLIN.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. Gaylord Patterson, Friday, July 31st, 8 p. m., or after.

The best lawn sprinkler on the market. Only $1.15. J. C. HAMLIN.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Ella Hinman is visiting friends at Roulette.

F. D. Gallup had business in Kane last Thursday.

George Morrison of Buffalo is visiting relatives in town.

Orlo J. Hamlin had business in Rochester this week.

Miss Sallie Conolly is visiting friends in Kane this week.

W. Q. Hamlin had business in Olean and Bradford on Friday.

Elisha K. Kane of Kusheqna had business in town Tuesday.

Sheriff Chas. E. Mays had business in Erie the forepart of the week.

Miss Anna Haley returned Tuesday from an extended visit at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Thumm and son, John, of Bradford, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Chas. Balsley of New York is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Richmond.

Ira McQuistion of Buffalo was the guest of T. H. Morrison the latter part of last week.

Miss Martha Brennan attended the Epworth League convention at Port Allegany on Friday last.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was a business visitor in town Monday and was a welcome caller at this office.

Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Patterson, who are visiting at Detroit, Mich., will return home to-morrow evening.

Sandford and William Fry are in Buffalo attending the wedding of their sister, Miss Rose, who is to be married to-day.

John G. Todd and family visited Port Allegany Sunday. From there he took the flyer for an extended eastern business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Hamlin, who have been visiting relatives here for some time, returned to their home in Chicago on Friday.

Mrs. Sarah Riggall, Mrs. C. M. Van Curen and Miss Rose Riggall, who have been visiting relatives here, returned to their home in Bolivar Saturday.

Mrs. Wallace Butler and son, Claude, of Chaffee, N. Y., who have been visiting relatives in East Smethport for the past week, returned to their home Monday.

Misses Lucile and Myrtle Hitman attended the Epworth League convention at Port Allegany Saturday and Sunday and were guests of Mrs. Howard Shunk.

Mrs. Flora Shaffles and daughter, Miss Maude, of Ticonderoga, N. Y., and Prof. G. W. Shaffles of Lawrenceville, Pa., were guests of Mrs. E. G. Carter the forepart of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Camp returned Saturday from Buffalo where Mr. Camp has been having his eyes treated. A cataract was removed from his right eye and he is much improved.

Misses Helen and Ruth Forrest, Miss Caulder, Miss Ethel Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, S. F. Redfield, Chas. E. McCoy, William Andrews and Lawrence Morrison compose a party which is camping on the head waters of Potato creek this week.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at residence of John N. Apple, West King street.

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

CENTRAL

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. FLICKINGER,

PRINCIPAL.

The fall term opens September 7, 1903.

Free tuition to prospective teachers.

This high grade training school was never in better condition than now. The enrollment last year exceeded six hundred. Biological and chemical laboratories have recently been added. Fine gymnasium and athletic field. Sanitary conditions unexcelled. A large faculty of trained specialists. The school also contains a college preparatory department, business department and departments of elocution and music. The expenses are lower than those of any other institution of equal rank. Address for catalogue the Principal.

THE CLARION

State Normal School.

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers. Prepares young people for college and offers excellent facilities for general education.

FREE TUITION for prospective teachers. Board, room rent and laundry for full term, 16 weeks, $49. Fall term opens Sept. 7, 1903.

For further particulars call on or address—

SAMUEL WEIR, Ph. D., Prin.
Clarion, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

BEST VALUES—YELLOW TRADING STAMPS BESIDES.

==REMNANT SALE.==

This week we are making a big clean up of all odds and ends in our entire stock. After a busy spring and summer season there is bound to be a great accumulation of odd lots and short ends. These we are getting together now and will wind them up regardless of cost of selling price. This is a good opportunity for you to secure desirable merchandise at a saving of one-fourth to one-half from regular prices.

Odd Lots and Remnants in

Dress Goods, Silks, Linings, Wash Goods, White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Hosiery, Underwear, Neckwear, Belts, Fancy Goods, Waists, Dressing Sacques, Belts, Parasols, Etc.

FRY & HERZOG.

A SHORT TIME AGO

We called your attention to our fine facilities for prompt filling of orders. There has been an usual demand for building materials, but our stock is complete. Estimates promptly and cheerfully given.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Diamonds and Watches

are a good investment if bought right. I guarantee every piece that leaves the store will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an eleline of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

No Use Waiting for Hard Times to Come.

BUY THAT BUILDING LOT NOW.

Leave Five or Ten Dollars a month with us and you will have a place ready for a home to be built on in the spring.

Remember

we have building lots in this borough for sale at very reasonable prices and on easy terms.

Plot of these lots showing size, price and location may be seen at the Postoffice, Court House and Bank and other business places. Particulars from officers of the company or inquire at Bank.

SMETHPORT LAND & IMPROVEMENT COMPANY L'T'D.

W. P. WALSH, President. D. M. BRASTED, Treasurer. GUY McCOY, Secretary.

AN ERROR IN THE ADDRESS

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright 1901 by C B Hooke

MISS WINTHROP had just written two letters They lay upon her desk scribed and stamped but not addressed She had dipped her pen into the ink to address one of them which was placed squarely upon the top of the other This is a somewhat unusual method of procedure but it was a habit of the girls She sometimes wrote half a dozen letters and made a pile of them putting on the addresses after they were all done at some inconvenience to herself and with a risk of misdirecting the missives Yet she had never suffered that misfortune

There was a knock and Miss Winthrop went to the door to find that the visitor was Gladys Darrell. The two girls were from the same small town had attended the same schools and had been sojourners in the city about an equal time They preserved an intimacy which was not especially agreeable to either of them but their early association and the fact that they were studying music under the same masters and had nearly the same circle of acquaintance held them together Miss Winthrop did not find Miss Darrell congenial she did not quite approve of her conduct in certain matters and Miss Darrell perceived it resented it and concealed within her heart a smoldering animosity which was made worse by a somewhat absurd jealousy Yet there had never been anything like a quarrel between them

When Grace Winthrop opened the door for Gladys a round faced boy who was the landlady's son was passing through the hall Grace had a message for this youth and so she excused herself to Gladys who passed into the little parlor alone

Gladys crossed to the desk beside the window and saw the two letters lying there She was a girl whose great natural curiosity was inadequately restrained by delicacy the sort of girl who couldn't help wondering for whom those letters were intended. Beside them was a memorandum book about the size of half a playing card It was open and it had been crossed in such a way as to cover most of the left hand page and leave the other exposed the visible portion of two addresses Mr Henry Lamar Allen building and Mr Willis Barnes 1 Bond street They seemed to have been recently set down in the book and the thought flashed through Gladys brain 'She's been writing to those two fellows'

She glanced quickly toward the door It was nearly closed and Grace was still in the hall Gladys took up the two letters saw that neither was addressed and put them down transposed There was not a visible sign that anything had happened but the letter which had lain atop before was now below Gladys went to the other side of the room and sat down in a chair Her heart was beating uncomfortably hard and she felt a painful nervous desire to laugh

She suspected that both the young men whose names she had read in the little book were deeply interested in Grace Winthrop As to that, she was willing that Grace should have the preference and the attentions of one of these young men but she had not yet decided which one, Mr Lamar had a great deal of money, and Mr Barnes was very good looking and a lively engaging companion It was a difficult choice As a matter of fact, Gladys had no right to consider any such choice at all for reasons that will presently appear

I'LL ADDRESS THESE LETTERS.

Miss Winthrop came back into the room and sat down by the desk

'I'll just address these letters if you don't mind," she said, with a smile "Tommy is coming for them in half a minute"

Grace glanced at the little book and then rapidly wrote the two addresses. Tommy came in and got the letters.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

There was a brief silence that seemed charged with an electrical embarrassment

Have you seen Harry Lamar lately' asked Gladys suddenly

The question seemed to force itself from her It was a relief to say something which should relieve the subject.

Not since the other evening replied Grace referring to some small social occasion I've just written him a letter He's going to give some sort of an affair in his rooms—like a college spread with his two aunts as patronesses of the festivities He asked me to make some suggestions about the music I have been writing to him and to my mother

'To your mother'' echoed Gladys, her face suddenly flushing

I've made up my mind to tell you about it said Grace I am not good at any sort of concealment. The plain way is the best way for me always Gladys, we have never been friends in any proper sense of the word You have never given me any right to do for you what a real friend would do—to advise you and try to help you."

Do you think I need any help?

My mother thinks you do,' said Grace gently She is a great mother and she knows everything That's one reason why I ought to help you now—because I have such a mother and you haven't any When my mother was here with me week before last she learned a great many things I'm sure I don't know how She did not learn them from me and we did not discuss them But she has written to me about them She thinks that you are not doing right Gladys You are engaged to Frank Leland at home He is one of the best fellows in the world and he trusts you absolutely That engagement is not formally announced but it is well known at home It is not known here You have asked me not to speak of it.'

'I don't want you to speak of it, said Gladys I shall probably break it, and the less said the better I have changed Grace we have both changed Our horizon is broader than it used to be Frank Leland is nothing but a little storekeeper in a country town and he will never be anything else Do you suppose I will go back and bury myself there

'You will probably break your engagement' rejoined Gladys Mean while you are encouraging the attentions of two men, neither of whom knows anything about it neither of whom is known to Frank neither of whom has any idea of the fact that you are showing to the other Gladys this isn't honest It isn't honest enough for me nor for my mother'

Gladys suddenly bent forward in her chair

'What did you write to her' she demanded

I stood up for you replied Grace earnestly I said that you were overexcited by your life here that you had just your holiday just a little but that you would not make any serious mistake I went over the whole case I did to Lecturer she had done it in her letter I said that you really loved Frank Leland —

I don't' exclaimed Gladys with seemingly unnecessary vehemence

Well I said so in my view returned Grace and I believed it I said that you were fascinated by Mr Barnes but that the man was a pretentious and that you couldn't help seeming so to Mr Lamar—I don't want to hurt your feelings Gladys but the truth must be told I told it to my mother You are dazzled by Mr Lamar's money You care nothing for him —

Did you say that?

'Certainly answered Grace It's true Mr Lamar is one of the most honest hearted sincere and admirable fellows who ever lived but you prefer more brilliant qualities You have an eye for a handsome man Gladys and Harry Lamar whatever else he may be is surely not handsome Now I don't mind red hair myself she added with a laugh I think his hair is quite magnificent and he is such a big sturdy manly man' But he doesn't appeal to you Just to illustrate that point and set my poor mother's heart at rest I told her what you said about Mr Lamar yesterday

'I called him an Italian sunset!' gasped Gladys with horror 'Did you put that in?'

'Yes I put it all in Mother won't tell Oh it's all a joke Gladys You'll go back to Frank Leland and make him the best wife in the world'

I never will!' exclaimed Gladys 'You don't know me I will not throw away my life in that little country town You know nothing about my sentiments toward Harry Lamar'

You haven't any, Gladys' responded Grace You haven't a sentiment of any sort for Harry Lamar That's exactly what I told my mother"

What did you tell him?'

'About you? Nothing, of course And I never will I told you that I wouldn't mention your engagement and I won't But, Gladys you'll have to be a different girl if you care to preserve my respect or the outward signs of my friendship You are becoming tangled in a mass of concealment and deception that is not honest that you'll regret some day, that will hurt you and everybody who loves you It will hurt me to the heart, Gladys, though you may not believe it'

'I don't believe it," said Gladys bitterly 'I think you'll be glad of it I think you'll do what you can to injure me with Mr Lamar But I warn you that you'll fail"

She walked toward the door Grace rose and followed her Then she suddenly sat down in a chair by the center table and began to cry

'I knew that I couldn't do this" she said, 'but I really tried I could help you Gladys if you'd let me But I've only made you angry"

Gladys did not know what to say or do She was wildly impatient to get away She could think of nothing but the two letters and the fatality which had made her practical joke recoil upon her own head If she could only catch Tommy there might be time to prevent a catastrophe She could bribe him and get the letters She could destroy them or change the addresses in a disguised hand It seemed to her that she heard the lad's step in the hall

You have offended me Grace' she said but—but I'll come back

She escaped hastily into the hall

In the latter part of the afternoon Grace received Mr Henry Lamar's card with the information that the young gentleman was waiting in the parlor below

Mr Lamar seemed to have something on his mind

'I received your telephone message," said he.

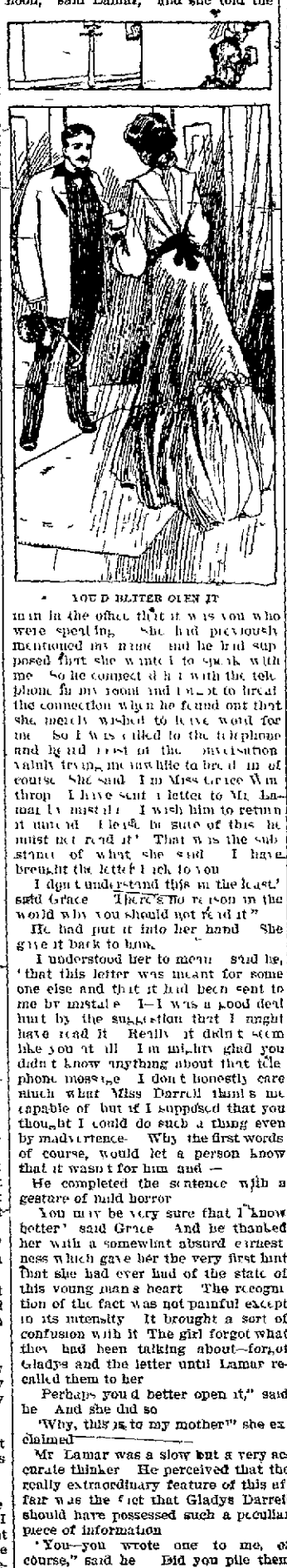
She stared at him

'I sent no message" said she

Not personally, said he, but I understood that you asked Miss Darrell to do it.

Grace shook her head

She called up the Aldine this forenoon," said Lamar, 'and she told the



YOU'D BETTER OPEN IT

man in the office that it was you who were speaking She had previously mentioned my name and he had supposed that she wanted to speak with me So he connected her with the telephone in my room and left me to hear the connection when he found out that she merely wished to leave word for me So I was called to the telephone and heard most of the conversation Vainly trying meanwhile to break in of course She said I'm Miss Grace Winthrop I have sent a letter to Mr Lamar he must not I wish him to return it unread Please be sure of this he must not read it' That was the substance of what she said I have brought the letter back to you

I don't understand this in the least' said Grace There's no reason in the world why you should not read it"

He had put it into her hand She gave it back to him.

I understood her to mean' said he, 'that this letter was meant for some one else and that it had been sent to me by mistake I—I was a good deal hurt by the suggestion that I might have read it Really it didn't seem like you at all I'm mighty glad you didn't know anything about that telephone message I don't honestly care much what Miss Darrell thinks me capable of but if I supposed that you thought I could do such a thing even by inadvertence Why the first words of course, would let a person know that it wasn't for him and —

He completed the sentence with a gesture of mild horror

You may be very sure that I know better' said Grace And he thanked her with a somewhat absurd earnestness which gave her the very first hint that she had ever had of the state of this young man's heart The recognition of the fact was not painful except in its intensity It brought a sort of confusion with it The girl forgot what they had been talking about—forgot Gladys and the letter until Lamar recalled them to her

Perhaps you'd better open it," said he And she did so

'Why, this is to my mother'" she exclaimed

Mr Lamar was a slow but a very accurate thinker He perceived that the really extraordinary feature of this affair was the fact that Gladys Darrell should have possessed such a peculiar piece of information

'You—you wrote one to me, of course," said he Did you pile them up? I've seen you do it Was Miss Darrell there?'

"Really, really," cried Grace with a mistaken loyalty, "Gladys would never have done such a thing' I will not believe that she changed the letters"

'But she did, you know," said Lamar, with calm decision, "and, upon my word I'm inclined to be obliged to her Somehow I think it's—it's brought us together just a bit—better friends, you know I—I don't know why it should nor why I think so, but hasn't it?"

He looked at her with a desperate pleading that she should say that they were just a little bit better friends than they had ever been before And she laughed at him and gave him her hand And he kissed it, which, after all, is hardly a friendly thing to do—if one wishes to choose his words with precision

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box by mail 50c

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L K Hogarth and J W Voorhees

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

A HISTORIC CHEESE.

THE MONSTER THAT CHESHIRE SENT TO PRESIDENT JEFFERSON

Nearly Every One in Town Contributed Curd, and Elder John Leland Roused the Job—The Formal Presentation at the White House—

The story of the great cheese made at Cheshire in 1801 and sent the following winter to President Jefferson as a New Year's present has been many times told in prose and verse but is worthy of repetition as an interesting bit of local history, showing as it does the patriotic spirit by which the good people of Cheshire were moved and the novel manner they chose for its expression.

In those days Cheshire was famous for three things—its exceptionally fine dairying interests and products the well nigh universal adhesion of the voting population to the Democratic party and Elder John Leland an able eccentric and witty Baptist divine whose fame is a part of the history of Cheshire. Elder Leland and most of the other people of the town were ardent admirers of Thomas Jefferson and when he was elected president of the United States their joy was unbounded It was finally decided that it would be proper to give to their esteem a tangible expression in the form of a mammoth cheese, which should show to the president the quality of their material resources and something of the extent of their admiration for him

The announcement of this plan was made by Elder Leland from his pulpit one Sunday morning and was received with pleasure by the people July 20 1801 was the date set for the making of the cheese and the plan was to have all the cowkeepers of town in the town with the exception of the few federalists there were to make their curd and carry it to a central place for pressing. Of course there was no cheese press large enough for the pressing of such a cheese as was proposed and Elisha Brown's cider press was consequently selected for the work

When the day came for making the cheese the people gathered from all parts of the town Those who had curd to contribute brought it with them some in large quantities and some in small but all extremely proud to contribute to the monster cheese that was to be sent to the president Besides being a busy day it was also a lark day for the inhabitants of Cheshire The farmers and their wives and families turned out en masse to witness the construction of what proved to be the most famous cheese in all history for though it still lingers cheese will make in the town it Elder date this was the president's cheese and the great Elder Leland who in the construction of the people of Cheshire was second in importance only to President Jefferson himself was leading and directing the enterprise Most of those present were dressed in their Sunday best though the women who superintended the making of the curd were clothed in work protecting aprons

Up hoop in which the cheese was pressed was used for the occasion It was four feet in diameter and eighteen inches deep and was secured with strong bands of iron to enable it to stand the pressure When all of the curd had been placed and salted it was placed in this hoop the followers which had also been made especially for the purpose was placed upon it and the ponderous wooden screws of the old cider mill were turned down on the most precious body they had ever compressed After all was done a hymn lined off by Elder Leland was sung by the assemblage and the people separated for their homes highly satisfied with and very proud of their days work Some days after it was made the cheese was taken to Captain Daniel Browns cheese house to be cured Its weight one month from the time it was pressed was 1,234 pounds The moving of the cheese from the cider press to Captain Browns was made a great occasion The people turned out again and the cheese was followed by a big procession Moses Wolcott who kept the tavern gave a feast to all present and thereby linked his name to this part of the town's history

The following December the great cheese was sent to Washington in charge of Elder Leland and Darius Brown There were no railroads in those days and it was drawn on a sled to Hudson N Y and shipped from there by water The presentation of the cheese to the president was an event of moment in Washington The presentation was made at the White House in the presence of the cabinet foreign diplomats and other notables Elder Leland serving as spokesman and assuring the president in suitable terms of the great esteem in which he was held by the people from whom the gift had come—Springfield Republican

The Center of Observation

"Say paw was you ever the cynosure of all eyes?'

Yes the other day when I went running down the middle of the street after my hat I'll bet there wasn't a man woman or child in town who wasn't there looking at me"—Chicago Record Herald.

Conceit of Modern Life.

The conceit of modern life is self centered almost wholly Our purposes if defined leave only the most selfish and artificial basis Men and women by countless thousands are steering their lives without compass or definite guide —Pittsburg Gazette

Swordsmanship

"The lieutenant is an expert swordsman, I am told

'Oh very! I don't believe there is a dance which he can't dance with his sword on"—Detroit Free Press

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Life, Fire and Accident written by
W F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA
In good, reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE

Governor—Samuel W Pennypacker
Lieutenant-Governor—W M Brown
State Treasurer—Frank G Harris
Auditor General—Levi G McCauley
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J P Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Joseph W Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S R Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson Bradford
Members of Assembly—J W Campbell Kane
J M McFarlane, Bradford
District Attorney—John P Melvin, Bradford Pa
Associate Judges—Chas E Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H M Choate, Smethport
Register—J B Eastman, Smethport
Clerk of Courts—W H Morrison Smethport
County Treasurer—A W Boyd Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths Kane J A Peterson Bradford W P Walsh Smethport.
Commissioners Clerk—S D Weaver, Kane
Jury Commissioners—Walter Ostrander, Wm Brodder
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom Smethport, P G Tuttle Corydon, Allegany, James Devlin Bradford
Coroner—B H Hall M D, Bradford
County School Superintendent—J E Myers Smethport

BOROUGH

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president Miss Tena Raymer secretary, G B Mayo, treasurer W A Ostrander, H H Redfield J H Rogers Chas Johnson, J W Voorhees N D. Ramer
Justices—B L Knapp R C Gleason
Constable—E W Jones
High Constable—Andrew Nesbit
School Directors—E R Mayo, president, Jno A Apple treasurer, F D Gallup secretary W F Specht H W Rubin, Oscar Engstrom
Collector—Carl Susse
Assessor—J A Holder
Auditors—G H McLoon, C Choate
Judge of Election—J A —kins
Inspectors of Election—C H Burlingame I F Freeman

Lodge Directory.

F & A M—McKean Lodge No 388 meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p m at Masonic Hall Main street

SAMUEL E LEE W M
W F SPECHT Secy

I O O F—Smethport Lodge No 289 meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I O O F Hall Work in the third degree first meeting of each month 1st degree on second and degree on third and 3rd deg ee on fourth meetings

WM ANDERSON N G
W G HOLDER Secy

I O O F—Smethport Encampment No 225 meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I O O F Hall

S J SWANSON Chief Patriarch
H M CHOATE Scribe

G A R—McKean Post No 325 meets the second and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock in the Old Soldiers Hall

H L BURLINGAME Adjutant
MALO Commander

W R C—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I O O F Hall

MRS ALFIT GRIGSBY Pres't
MRS ROSE LEIBLE Secy

A O U W—Smethport Post No 186 meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall

J C GAILEY Recorder
Z U GIFFORD M W

K O T M—Smethport Tent No 9 meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I O O F Hall

H C WELLS Com
W H MORRISON R K

I O T M—Temple No 48 meets in I O O F Hall first snow afternoon

LIZZIE F HOLDER R K
GRACE COLE

C M B A—Smethport Branch 233 meets second and 4th Wednesday of each month at W C T U Hall Main street at 8:30 p m

JAMES LYNCH Pres't
THOMAS CLARK Sec'y

W C T U—Meets every other Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of Mrs MARIETTA PIERCE Pres't
Mrs MARY E RICHARDS, Sec'y

P H L—Smethport Parish No 60 meets on every Tuesday evening in I O O F Hall

SAMUEL KEEN Pres
MARY A BENNINGER Sec'y

Phoenix Chapter No 193 R A M—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall

MRS W F SPECHT M M
MRS L T COLEGROVE Sec'y

I O R M—Meets every Monday evening in I O O F Hall Adoption degree first Monday Mark degree and Sunday Chief's degree 3rd Monday

L F ECCARTH Clerk

Churches

M E Church—Services every Sunday at 10:30 a m Preaching at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m Sunday School at 11:45 a m Junior League at 4 p m Epworth League at 6:30 p m Preaching at 7:30 p m General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p m

Episcopal—J Heber McCandless Rector Services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:45 p m Additional services at 8 a m except on first Sunday of each month Sunday School at 9:30 a m

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev J Heber McCandless Rector Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p m Sunday School 3:30 p m The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a m

St Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev P Cosgrove Pastor Mass at 11 a m Service at 11 a m Sunday School at 3 p m Services on each Sunday

First Baptist Church—P S Calvin Pastor Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a m and 7:30 p m Sunday School at 10 a m Junior Endeavor at 3:1 m Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p m Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30 Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 3:30 All are invited. Seats free

Colegrove—Rev W F Tubbs, Pastor Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock

Clermont Church—Rev W F Tubbs, Pastor Services every other Sunday at 3 p m

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION

Time Table—Taking effect May 26 1901

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:10 a m
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 4:34 p m
*From leaving Smethport 4:34 p m, connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days . . 11:09 a. m.
Train 124, week days . . 2:12 p m
For Laratee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south

Train 121, week days . . . 9:42 a. m.
Train 123, week days . . . 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION

EASTWARD

8:40 a m—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m, New York 9:30 p m, Baltimore 6:00 p m, Washington 7:15 p m, Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p m—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:35 p.m., New York 10:25 p m, Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:30 a m, Baltimore 4:55 a. m, Washington 9:00 a m Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m

10:15 p m—Train 4 daily for Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a m New York 10:33 a m, week days (10:38 a m Sundays) Baltimore 7:55 a m Washington 8:30 a m Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore

12:01 a m—Train 14 daily for Sunbury Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 9:25 a m New York 9:33 a m week days (11:33 a m Sundays) Baltimore 10:18 a m Washington 8:30 a m Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington

WESTWARD

9:10 a m—Train 9 daily for Erie Ridgway and weekdays Du Bois, Clermont and intermediate stations

10:00 a m—Train 3 daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations

6:00 p m—Train 61 week days for Kane and intermediate stations

Weekdays

NORTH A M	Lv	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar P M
9 15		Ridgway	12 05
9 50		Johnsonburg	11 40
10 15		Glen Hazel	11 15
10 35		Set right	11 15
10 50		Instanter	11 00
10 55		Smith's Run	11 00
10 55		Woodvale	11 0
10 40		Clermont	11 00
A M			A M

Connections are made with train 3 leaving Johnsonburg at 11:25 a m for Erie and intermediate points arriving at Erie at 6:00 p m and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p m for DuBois Red Bank Pittsburg and intermediate points and train leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p m for Philadelphia, New York Baltimore and Washington

W W ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager
J R WOOD Gen'l Pass Agt

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 27 1901

Trains leave Smethport as follows

9:00 a m—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Simpson Dale Aiken Kinzua Jct and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R R for all points east and west and for Mt Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R R for points south and with the Penna R R for points east and west

1:45 p m—Train to Kane Bradford and intermediate points making close connection at Kane with P R R train No 3 for Warren Irvington Corry Union City and Erie

4:45 p m—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Simpson Dale Aiken Kinzua Junction and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R R for all points east and west and for Mt Jewett and Kane and intermediate points making close connection with P R R train No 4 for Warren Irvington Corry Union City and Erie

For tickets and information call on or address B L Cummins Ticket Agt Smethport

A L GAMBLE
General Passenger Agent
Pittsburg Penna

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

In Effect May 19th 1901

MT JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV

pm	pm	am		am	pm	pm
1	5	10	Lv Mt Jewett Ar	9	0	4
1	15	8	P Pleasant	9	10	4
12	45	7	Hazlett	9	45	3
12	35	8	Marvindale	9	55	3
12	25	40	Keating	10	05	2
12	0	47	Cones	10	10	2
11	55		Smethport	10	15	2
				pm		
11	30	9	Smethport	11	1	2
11	15	7	Norman	11	16	2
11			Normania Valley	11	18	2
11	0	55	Corydale	11	01	2
10	50	40	Lyrabon	11	10	2

N B—All trains daily except Sunday

D I MARONEY, Gen'l Supt
J H WOOD, Gen'l Pass Agt
St Marys Pa

C. COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table taking effect Monday March 18 1901

Eastward			STATIONS	Lv	Westward		
A M	A M	P M	Ar	Dp	A M	P M	A M
8 05	05	2 10	Tylersburg	20	2 45	9 10	
7 50	6 53	2 10	Orowell	27	2 32	9 19	
7 40	6	2 07	Carpenter	0	2 34	9 22	
7 40	6 48	1 53	Perkins	7 33	2 37	9 26	
7 37	6 45	1 50	New Field Jct	37	2 40	9 33	
0	0	1 45	Newfield	7 41	2 45	0	
7 05	6 36	1 41	Gold	44	2 49	9 40	
7 00	6 30	1 35	Raymond	7 49	2 55	9 47	
6 55	6 21	1 24	Seven Bdg's	8 01	3 06	10 01	
6 40	6 17	1 20	Cole Bros	8 04	3 09	10 10	
6 35	6 10	1 12	Raymo	8 12	3 17	10 20	
0	5	1 05	Coudersport	0	3 26	10 35	
0	0	12 00	Dp	Ar	8 25	3 30	10 45
A M	A M	P M	Coudersport			P M	A M
4 00	7 45	12 35	Ar	Dp	6 28	6 00	1 30
0	0	12 13	Hammond	0	0	0	0
3 55	7 38	12 08	Olmsted	8 33	6 05	1 35	
3 52	7 35	11 05	Wilcox	8 37	6 10	1 37	
3 45	0	11 58	Knowlton	0	6 17	0	
3 40	7 25	11 55	Roulette	8 47	6 21	1 52	
3 30	16	11 47	Burtville	8 54	6 28	2 01	
3 0	0	11 41	Coleman	0	6 34	0	
3 00	0	0	Chem Works	0	0	0	
2 55	7 03	11 36	Pt Allegany	9 08	6 50	2 25	
P M	P M	A M	Dp	Ar	A M	P M	P M

o—Trains do not stop

Connections at Ulysses with N Y C & H R R, at Port Allegany with W N Y & P Ry and at Newfield Junction with B & S R R

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B A McCLURE, Supt.

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WASHINGTON D. C.

HER STORY

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

Copyright, 1902, by J. H. Walworth

THE advertisement read: "Have you a story in your own life? And do you need money? Then write your story succinctly, early and effectively. Send it to the people's Pride and receive liberal compensation for it. We want stories of all life."

Perhaps thousands scanned that advertisement with idle curiosity, bubbles with a passing wish that they might dare, units with the determination to dare.

One woman lingered over it, read it a second time, a third, folded the paper, retaining it into a neat square and laid it on the table by which she was working.

Had she a story? Yes. Did she need money? A bitter substitute for a laugh curled her lips. She folded her delicate fingerless hands over the corset garment she was sewing on and sent her tired eyes on a deliberate survey of the room, which gave evidence of having radically been denuded of every superfluity.

The woman and the room had nothing in common between them. One was athletic in her suggestions of elegant requirements; the other was bare to the point of ugliness. Suddenly she leaned across the table and drew writing material within reach.

What if the story she was half minded to write—her story, hers and his—could fall under his eyes? What a triumph for him! What added chastisement for her! Could she voluntarily add this final drop of bitterness to her already full cup?

The last she had heard of him he was operating a big establishment in Cooma. It was not likely that a merchant would find much time for fiction reading. To every one but his it would be utterly futile and nothing else. A book of restless determination hardened her worn face. She would do it. Not a pleasant task, but, as the bitter memories that strange advertisement had stirred into venomous activity, were marketable she was going to market them. After the first plunge the story seemed to write itself.

Her pen moved rapidly.

"Of course, it must be in the first person," she said boldly, writing the caption "My Story." Then:

"I was only seventeen, but yet come into that panoply of caution and suspicion which is necessary to womankind when entering the arena of fashionable life, as necessary as was the of time warrior's coat of mail. As I have said, I was only seventeen when my aunt, a rich society woman of New York, offered to take me off my father's hands and introduce me into society. My father, who is a banker, a bookworm and a widower—not the best guide for a restless girl of seventeen. He had, I suppose, written to his married sister about his growing perplexities, and I was handed over at her demand.

"I cannot say that I was anxious to go. I was happy enough as I was. The birds of the air were no freer than I had all the comforts I cared for; I had my flowers and my ponies and my numerous pets, in addition to all of which I had my lover. I was engaged to be married to Horace White. I could

HER PEN MOVED RAPIDLY.

not recollect when I had not been engaged to him, but it had never occurred to us to name a day.

"Perhaps this idyllic state of affairs was what had aroused my dreaming father to a sense of parental obligation. At any rate I was sent on to my New York aunt.

"I was engaged to Horace White when I left home; I was engaged to Malcolm Ross when I went back. It was without any sense of triviality or wickedness that I transferred my allegiance, not even recognizing the inconvenience of being on with the new love before being off with the old.

"I think it all came of my being so suddenly transplanted from the dull monotony of my life with father on the old plantation to the bewildering gayety of my fashionable aunt's home. It was at her house at a crush reception that I first met Malcolm Ross. He was very handsome and past master in the arts of beguiling women. He devoted himself so completely to me that at the close of that first evening my poor, silly little head was in a whirl.

"I was accounted very pretty by my aunt's fashionable friends, and I was pretty. I can speak so now with impersonal frankness, for all my prettiness and sweetness belong to the dear dead past when I was a guileless girl on the old plantation home.

"Then Malcolm Ross came into my life, and the limpid waters ran turbidly. So long as he was by my side I was under a spell that I could not break. I think my aunt must have been but a careless chaperon. Childless herself, she had made no study of girl nature. She made somersault acknowledgment later.

"Ah, well! What good did her remorse do then or does my bitter retrospection now? Remember, I am doing this for money.

"Horace White came to the station to meet me when I returned home. I started guiltily when the train slowed up, and I saw his dear eyes roving anxiously over each window as it passed in review. How they lighted up with gladness when he finally located me!

"I was come back to him. That was what his luminous smile said to me before he could reach me with his voice. Yes, I had come back to him, but how? I felt like a creature who had been supping on champagne and suddenly found herself confronted by the cooling heaven sent waters of a pure fountain.

"I met him with a fair semblance of the old cordiality. Did he miss anything in my greeting? If he did he was too much of a man to whimper about it. He did not worry with me long that first evening. He said it belonged of right to the home people. He would come again in the morning. Already my wicked heart was swinging back to its first love. How could I ever have put any man in his place, my Horace of the clear eye, of the true heart, of the clean soul?

"That night when I went to my room I removed the betrothal ring Malcolm Ross had put on my finger. It was like unsetting myself from fetters. Had I really been hypnotized? Perhaps. But I knew my fickle heart at last. With every fiber of my being I loved Horace. I had never really loved any one else. I would write Malcolm as much, and he would write me a word of liberation and pardon, and then I would make full confession to Horace.

"My letter to Malcolm Ross was the truest letter I ever wrote. He answered it in person.

"He held me in a hot, unyielding embrace when we met. He laughed mockingly down into my frightened face as he asked me what child's nonsense I had been giving him.

"I flushed angrily under his malicious levity and told him more than my letter had. He released me almost as forcibly as he had seized me. His handsome face turned livid with rage.

"'So then it is a question of another man, Horace White, did I understand you to say? So fair a lady as Miss Helen Mandeville may well have lovers to choose from. We will talk of this later on.'

"He turned and walked out of the house. I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for my freedom. I cried myself to sleep that night for very joy at my escape. You see, I was still an ignorant young fool.

"Two days later Malcolm Ross came back to me. There was an evil look on his handsome face and a strange glitter in his eyes, also a new gentleness in his voice. Later on I came to associate all these signs with his blackest moods.

"He seated himself by me on the sofa and addressed me as if no word of disagreement had ever passed between us. He took a paper from his pocket and laid it down on my lap. I was not to read it immediately, for he placed his hand over it. Then he put me through a severe catechism about Horace White. God knows what my silly tongue could have said to injure my beloved, but when Malcolm apparently had no more questions to ask he removed his hand and said:

"'You have satisfied me that he is the man. Read that slip. I telegraphed home for my clerk to procure it. You can marry your fugitive from justice as soon as you please, but when he turns from the altar he will find handcuffs waiting for him. Not a pleasant postnuptial possibility, is it? I believe you spoke of this Mr. Horace White as the only man you ever had truly loved or ever could?'

"I hung my frightened head in abasement, but I managed to say audibly, 'I said it, and I meant it.'

"'Yes? Well, then, I suppose that will have to stand as a pleasant little stumbling block to trip our marital steps, for you do not imagine for a moment I propose to be set aside like a tiresome toy. You will make your choice here and now, my love. You will either name an early date upon which you will become Mrs. Malcolm Ross or you will marry Horace White and take his conviction upon your own fair shoulders.'

"I named my wedding day—an early one. It was the price of safety to Horace. I was too bewildered to understand all the iniquity that paper charged him with, but my own lips had sealed his fate by admitting that he had been in New York city on the date charging him with absconding with money secured on a forged note.

"'I was as powerless as a bird in the snare of the fowler. Six weeks after my return home I left it again as the wife of Malcolm Ross. I never saw Horace after the morning visit he paid me when I told him I was going to marry another man. I looked into his face for some sign of the guilt with which he was charged. To have told him of my sacrifice would have been to guiltify it. I gloried in my silly girl's heart to think I was enduring martyrdom for his sake.

"I tried to be a good wife to Malcolm, but he made it very hard. He had thought I was to be my aunt's heiress, she being childless. When at her death all the property reverted to her husband's side of the house he threw off his last semblance of love or respect. Perhaps I was not entitled to either.

"We were miserably poor, and I had been reared in ignorance of every useful requirement. He settled down to a gambler's profession and I to the lot of neglected wife. He is dead now, and I thank God there are no children to inherit his vices or my weakness. Do I thank God? My life is utterly desolate, utterly without ties. At one time I thought of taking up the old home ties. Her father is dead, and the old place has been cut up and sold for the benefit of the children who were minors when I was married. I would not disturb them in their occupancy. They do not even remember me. I should only be a dark blot on any one's hearthstone.

"I have told my story. I shall coin it for bread, bread which I shall season with the bitterest tears I have shed for many a weary year."

Yes, she had told her story succinctly, clearly and effectively. She took it down to the office of the People's Pride herself. She gave it into the

"I LOVE YOU," HE SAID.

hands of the business manager, who told her, with an impersonal glance at her pale face, that it would be taken up in due course of business and their readers would pass upon it without any unnecessary delay.

"Their readers" were to pass upon her broken life! Ah, well, that was what she had put it into black and white for. If only they would pass favorably! That was her one concern now.

It seemed an eternity before an envelope stamped with the office address of the People's Pride came to her hands. She tore open the envelope in fluttering haste. No check dropped out. Instead a typewritten note, curt and businesslike:

Madam—Your story entitled "My Story," has sufficient dramatic interest to make it acceptable with a few emendations. Will you kindly call on the editor in chief of the People's Pride to receive some suggestions along that line?

Of course she would call. A gleam of hope warmed her chilled heart.

She was promptly passed from hand to hand until she stood in the awesome presence of the chief. The great man was sitting at a big cylinder desk imposingly littered with papers. She recognized her own story even as she unrolled his chair and before he had risen slowly to accost her gravely.

It was a crucial moment to her; her first experience of the majesty of the sanctum. Her eyes rested on the litter of papers; his rested on her. With no change of attitude he took up her manuscript and held it toward her with an unsteady hand.

"Helen, is this the way it all happened?"

Time had wrought some subtle changes in his appearance. His voice was as unforgotten music to her ears. With a low cry of wonder and of longing, she made a step forward, then reeled dizzily.

Her first coherent words were, "I thought you were thousands of miles away on a ranch."

"For a little while, yes. I stayed out there long enough to conclude that a man who allows a woman's fickleness to slay all purposes in his life does not deserve to be called a man. But it was not fickleness if this is true."

She stretched pleading hands toward him. "No, oh, no! I was so young, so frightened, so silly! I did not know what to do, what to believe."

"You should never have believed that of me. Unfortunately the name I bear has been duplicated many times even within my own knowledge. I read about that case of forgery with some interest because a Horace White had done it, but I never credited that story with the wreck of all my hopes."

"And now?"

She stood up before him, trembling. He put out his hand to detain her.

"You are free," he said, "and I love you." He smiled on her with solemn tenderness. "You will have to add a sequel to your story, dearest, and call it 'Our Story.'"

"No," she said. And into her smile crept the old time archness. "My literary life is at an end. It is not fame that feeds a woman's hungry heart, my own; it is love. Oh, Horace, I hunger and I thirst for yours."

ABBEY'S GLASS OF MILK.

An Amusing Story of the Famous Artist's Boyhood Days.

In the days when Edwin A. Abbey, the distinguished illustrator and painter, was a small boy he had the habit of critically scrutinizing every dish that was set before him at the table, much to the embarrassment of his family. His frequent dismissals from the table were but ineffective reproofs, and something had to be done to work a cure.

"Eddie," said his mother one day, "I heard thee speak about going to Cousin Martha's for dinner next Sunday, and I am afraid we will have to make thee stay at home until thee learns politeness at the table. Thy picking at food would mortify me."

This threatened deprivation reduced the boy to tears, and after he had solemnly promised not to look at everything according to his habit he was told that he might go.

The day came, and a large and merry family gathered to do justice to a tempting meal. Each of the little folks had a glass of delicious rich country milk at his place.

Noticing that Edwin was surreptitiously glancing at his glass, Mrs. Abbey observed, with a well understood meaning, "Edwin, why art thou not drinking thy milk?"

With a determined air the boy hastily picked up the glass and, shutting his eyes as tight as possible, gulped its contents down.

This sudden procedure attracted the attention of all the guests, and fearing at least a severe scolding, the boy exclaimed, "I did it, mother; I—I swallowed it."

"Swallowed what?" hurriedly asked Mrs. Abbey, now more alarmed than amused.

"Those two flies that got in my milk. But I swallowed them, mother; I swallowed them!"—Isadore Hodges in Ladies' Home Companion.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Laying hens must have meat or milk.

Always feed some whole grain at night.

Early hatched chickens usually make the best breeding fowls.

Feeding a little at a time and often is better than overfeeding at any time.

A liberal use of ground bone will correct the tendency to laying soft shelled eggs.

Keeping fowls on hard floors will frequently cause swollen feet and legs. They must have some loose ground to scratch over.

Turkeys must have a good range to be profitable. They are insect eaters by nature and need a good range in order to thrive well and grow economically.

After the ducks and geese are through laying the feathers should be picked regularly. The time to pick them is when the feathers are ripe and before the fowls begin to lose them.

What a True Scholar Is.

The scholar in the true sense is the man or woman for whom the schools have done their best. The scholar knows some one thing thoroughly and can carry his knowledge into action. With this he must have such knowledge of related subjects and of human life as will throw this special knowledge into proper perspective. Anything less than this is not scholarship. The man with knowledge and no perspective is a crank, a disturber of the peace, who needs a guardian to make his knowledge useful. The man who has common sense, but no special training, may be a fair citizen, but he can exert little influence that makes for progress. There may be a wisdom not of books, but it can be won by no easy process. To gain wisdom or skill, in school or out, is education. To do anything well requires special knowledge, and this is scholarship, whether attained in the university or in the school of life. It is the man who knows that has the right to speak.—President David Starr Jordan in Atlantic.

Epitaph Too Suggestive.

A man whose cheerful occupation is that of making tombstones is telling his friends about a woman who visited his place last week and said she wanted a nice tombstone put over her husband's grave, with some short, simple inscription on it.

He asked how she would like the word "Resurgam." She inquired as to its meaning, and when he translated it as "I shall rise again," she said, in a panic, "No, no, mister; make it, 'Rest In Peace!'"—New York Press.

A Hard Road.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," quoted the earnest citizen.

"It is unquestionably," answered Senator Sorghum. "The way people have to employ lawyers and stand investigations is calculated to cut down profits terribly."—Washington Star.

That Was All.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billus in a loud voice, "what have you been doing to my razor?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Billus, "except sharpening it again after shaving Fido's tail with it. It's all right, isn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Beginning to Realize It.

"I never heard Dunsmore acknowledge that he was growing old before today."

"How did he acknowledge it?"

"He announced that he felt just as young as he ever did."—Detroit Free Press.

Still Out.

"Tess says she's ready to make up if you will," said the peacemaker.

"Tell her," replied the obstinate Jess, "if I had a complexion as muddy as hers I'd be ready to make up too."—Philadelphia Press.

A FREN' OF ME FREN'S FREN'

By J. LEICESTER HOLME

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"Well, Kitty," said young Mr. Billy Dunn to his better half, "I'm up against it for fair. There ain't a thing in sight, an' that's a fact."

"Ah, now," replied Kitty in an encouraging tone, "don't go to sayin' that, Billy. Sure there must be a plenty o' jobs for such a fine man as you are yourself. An', our good clothes still hasn't an' you lookin' so well too. Sure, now, go down to Steve O'Connell an' ast him. He'll know a man or two, that's what."

"Now I'll tell you, Billy," said Steve O'Connell ten minutes later, leaning comfortably across his little bar, "I don't know. You see, it's just after election, an' everything's full up to the gunnel. But now I'll tell you honest, Billy. I'll do something for you. I'll introduce you to the man that'll introduce you to the man that's cap'n o' the precinct, an' there's one chanst in a hundred that there'll be somethin' doin'."

The side door opened, and the rip of a helmet was thrust into the room. "By George!" exclaimed the bartender. "Here's the man himself. Say, Mulligan," he called. The helmet advanced into the saloon with Mulligan under it. "Say, Mulligan, you know Mr. Dunn. No? Well, make yourself acquainted with him. Mr. Dunn, Mr. Mulligan. Mr. Mulligan, Mr. Dunn. Mulligan," he continued, "Billy wants to get a job out o' your office. What'll you have? He wants to get a job, an' could you oblige me as a frien', Mulligan, by puttin' my frien' Billy Dunn next to the wardman?"

"An' I'll take great pleasure," said Mulligan, smacking his lips. "If introducin' to any wardman any friend o' me friend Steve O'Connell. An' that's really clearant whisky you have on tap, Mrs. O'Connell so it is."

"Captain," said the wardman a day or two later as he looked up at a well dressed man, "this is Billy Dunn, pretty well known around here and a great friend of a friend of mine. He wants a job, anything you know to fix over 'ere awhile. If you can do anything for him, cap, why, I'm sending back of him, you know."

"Mr. Dunn," remarked the captain after the wardman had left, "I'll tell you just how it is. You know this is just after election, and everybody wants everything in sight. There ain't a thing I've got that there ain't a dozen fellows trying to hold it down. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll give you a stand knockdown to the chief, and if he can do anything, why, there you are. That's the best I can do."

He wrote a short letter of introduction, and being pleased with the appearance of the applicant, he made it a bit stronger than usual.

"Blame it all!" exclaimed the chief of police as Dunn stood before him at headquarters the next day. "Kelly knows blame well there's no use sending you fellows up to me. Every blame position in my power to give is full, and Kelly knows it." He glanced up from the letter. The appearance of his visitor somewhat mollified him. "Mr. Dunn," he continued, "I'm sorry, blame sorry, to disappoint a personal friend of the captain's, but you know there's a limit to offices and to patience, too. But here, since you're a personal friend of Kelly's, there's one thing I can do. I've got some influence with the mayor, and I understand he's got some small jobs left. I'll write a note, and you take it to the mayor, with this note of Kelly's, and I'll call him up on the phone and tell him you're coming. I'm always ready to oblige a friend of the captain's if I can."

Dunn took the note and started for the mayor. He ran the gantlet and stood in line to wait his turn.

"Mr. Mayor," he said as the mayor read the note and looked up with the air of a man who knows what's coming and doesn't want to hear it—"Mr. Mayor, I don't want a job."

"You—don't—want—a—job!" gasped the mayor. "Not a job? The chief sent you here and you don't want a job?

"Mr.—er—Dunn," resumed the mayor impressively, "I have seen over 500 men today. I have kept count," he continued, pointing to a piece of paper, "and you are the first of all the men who don't want a job. And you a friend of the chief's! Well, tell me, what, in heaven's name, what do you want? I am ready, willing and able to do anything for the man who doesn't want a job."

"I want," said Dunn, "a letter of introduction to the governor, whom, singularly enough," he added apologetically, "singularly enough, I have never met."

"Here, Mr. Dunn," replied the mayor, "you keep those letters. I don't want them. And for the rest, I'll accommodate you with the greatest of pleasure—any friend of the chief's. Go over to that young lady in the corner and dictate such a letter as you want and I'll sign it. Well, well; a friend of the chief's and doesn't want a job! Now, what can I do for you," continued the mayor to the next man in the line, resuming his accustomed air of weariness. And the next man wanted a job.

Two days later Mr. William Dunn sat closeted with the governor.

"Here are three letters," explained Mr. Dunn—"one from Captain Kelly, one from the chief and one from the mayor. I won't trouble you with the two first." He laid the mayor's letter down in front of the governor and flashed the signatures upon the other two letters before him. The governor merely glanced at them and then perused the letter of the mayor. It was a strong letter of recommendation. Mr. Dunn had taken care of that.

"Don't believe I've got a thing for you, Mr. Dunn," said the governor, "but I'll see." He pushed a button.

"Sturgis," he said to a man who appeared, "this is Mr. Dunn, a personal friend of Captain Kelly and the chief up the state and of Mayor Clayton. They want to place him, and I want to know what we've got on hand."

"Well," returned Sturgis doubtfully, "I don't know. There's only one place left, and I don't know whether that will suit any friend of the mayor. I doubt it. Still"—

"What is it?" inquired the governor.

"It's the head of that new record department, that's all."

"Well, that's a fact, Mr. Dunn," interposed the governor, "I don't know whether it would suit you, but it's all we've got, and if you want it"—

Dunn leaned forward in his chair. "What does it pay, Mr. Sturgis?" he inquired.

"Well, that's just it," returned Sturgis. "It only pays $3,000 regular salary, but"—

"Three thousand!" gasped Mr. Billy Dunn.

"Yes," returned Sturgis apologetically. "I thought you wouldn't want it, although there are lots of men that go. Still, Mr. Dunn, what with postage and sealing wax and—and things, why, you ought to get at least $5,000 out of it, one way and another, during the year. What do you think? It's the best we can do."

Mr. Dunn rose from his chair and walked over to the window. "Well," he replied finally, in a doubtful tone of voice, "I'll take it, after all."

The governor looked pleased. He leaned over and whispered to Sturgis: "This makes me solid now with those up state fellows, and you can write Dobbins and tell him that he can't have the job. I didn't want him to get it anyway. So it's all right all around."

"Well now, Mr. Dunn," said the governor as his visitor rose, "you can start in when you get ready, any time. And when you go back remember me to the mayor and Kelly and the chief. They're good fellows, all of them. Goodby, sir."

"Kitty," exclaimed the Hon. Billy Dunn a few hours later, as he finished his recital of what had happened, "this is my new motto. I made it up myself."

"Let's hear it!" exclaimed Kitty expectantly.

The Hon. Billy Dunn drew himself up to his full height.

"It's 'Always seek an introduction when in doubt,'" he said. "It's the latest move in the game of politics, it is."

Modifying a Story.

In writing about the cowboys of South America, Mr. Paul Fountain represents them as having been maligned by other travelers who had not come in contact with the men themselves, but had listened to stories told about them. To show that such stories increase as the square of the distance he tells the following anecdote, which reminds one of the classic three black crows:

A friend was traveling on foot to a place which he called "Chip City." At the first stop his host exclaimed:

"What! Going to Chip! Why, they killed seventeen men there in a street fight last week!"

The next day the host with whom he happened to stop varied the story thus:

"Going to Chip? Terrible place. Why, they stabbed twelve men to death there a month ago!"

At the third stopping place the story was:

"I wouldn't go to Chip if I were you. Worst rowdies in the state. Six weeks ago they shot seven men in cold blood!"

At the week's end it was:

"Not a nice place, Chip. Three months ago they killed two men in the street."

Arrived at Chip City, which was a mining place, my friend found that a single man had been killed in a fair fight about two years previously.

Left Her Editor In Tears.

Little Miss Vera's ideas of the susceptibility of the editorial heart are somewhat exaggerated. She has been deeply impressed of late by the erratic movements of a mature friend who prepares manuscript for newspapers and so has come to be something of a writer herself. Over page after page she scrawls undecipherable sentences in her unsteady, primary department hand, and when the stories are finished she submits them in person to an imaginary editor whom she has dubbed "Mr. Bunting."

One day last week she told her friend that she had written a new story.

"What is it about?" asked the friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "I won't tell. It is too sad to talk about."

The friend asked no further questions, and presently Vera volunteered additional information: "I took it downtown and showed it to Mr. Bunting today," she said.

"Yes?" said her friend. "What did he say about it?"

"He didn't say anything," was the reply, "but he just cried as if his heart would break."—New York Press.

The Word Agnostic.

Professor Huxley invented the word "agnostic." Finding himself one d. a "man without a rag of a label to cover himself with," he concluded call himself by a name of his coining. It came into his head, said Huxley, as suggestively antithetic to the gnostic of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which he himself was ignorant, and the professor took the very earliest opportunity of parading it at our society, to show that I, too, had a tail like other foxes."

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MR. WILLIAM (BUNTY) SMITH

By G. W. Ogden

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To designate Smith from Smith both being named William the people of Tow Head Junction resorted to the primitive expedient of rechristening them according to their distinct physical characteristics William Smith the widower was tall so they gave him the name of Shanghai, William Smith the bachelor was short and for twenty years they had spoken to and of him as Bunty Neither owned a middle name and neither was resourceful enough to supply a distinguishing initial The postmaster at Tow Head Junction never knew whether a letter was for Shanghai or for Bunty He could generally place postal cards in the proper box by studying their contents

Bunty by reason of lack of experience, had matrimonial aspirations Shanghai who lived at the other end of the village street was resting in full enjoyment of the respite death had given him from a somewhat overstrenuous term in the yoke When he tired of his own cooking he went and stayed with his married daughter a week Bunty had been seriously considering the Widow Dunnigen for three years He had gone over the ground and knew she was ready to become a member of his household upon invitation Just as he had made up his mind to make his formal proposal he received a matrimonial paper through the mail At least he got it out of the post office and it was addressed to William Smith The sender may have intended it for Shanghai

That paper opened a new perspective to Bunty He never dreamed that the matrimonial mart offered such possibilities "It became plain to him that he had been fooling away his time with the Widow Dunnigen Faded somewhat wrinkled and owning but twenty five acres of bottom land Here were ladies—the papers spoke of them always as ladies—who appeared willing to marry anybody and some of them had $25 000 in cash Bunty opened correspondence To make sure his letters would not fall into the hands of Shanghai, he directed the ladies to address them thus William Quincy Smith

Willing Quincy Smith soon began to receive no fewer than two letters from each mail The superscription was so unmistakably feminine that the postmaster summoned Bunty to the lounge They twitted Bunty and told him he would prejudice his chances with the Widow Dunnigen if he persisted in receiving such ladies' letters by mail Bunty laughed He could marry the Widow Dunnigen any day he thought What he was after was bigger fish He finally sifted the ladies down to two According to their introverted statements one was a widow with $12 000 in mining stock the other a maiden lady of means Her mysterious reserve on the question of means led Bunty to believe she must at least own a bank possibly a railroad To these ladies he sent his photograph taken ten years previously when he attended the Grand Army encampment He also gave them to understand that he was able to support a wife as a wife should be supported and that he did not so much value means as a faithful heart and a face free from wrinkles

Bunty made progress He arranged with the two women to meet him on a certain day in the city twenty miles from Tow Head Junction one at the union station at one hour the other at the post office at another One was to wear a pink the other a white rose Bunty marked himself apart from all mankind by tying a red ribbon in his lapel buttonhole He did not go to the post office that morning but took the 9 10 train for the city When Shanghai went after his mail the postmaster handed him a letter Ain't for Bunty I reckon he said as it was addressed Jist William' Shanghai opened the letter and read

Dear William—Looking at the map I see Tow Head Junction is very near the city I find the first train from the city reaches Tow Head Junction fifteen minutes before the train you will leave on gets there so I have decided to go to Tow Head Meet me on the station platform I will wear a pink CAROLINE

"Must be for Bunty Shanghai reflected as he set out to look him up Jim Daniels said he saw Bunty at the depot and that he heard him ask for a ticket to the city Before Shanghai got there the 9 10 came but the train from the city had not arrived At the depot they said it was thirty minutes late

Bunty was to meet Caroline at the union station in the city at 10 o'clock Caroline was the maiden lady with means He had named 1 o'clock as the hour for seeing the widow who held the mining stock at the post office The widow also consulted time tables and maps She found that she could get a train to Tow Head Junction that would put her down there at 8 05 and that she could return to the city at noon She decided to run out and look the place over So when the train from the city which should have arrived at Tow Head before Bunty left stopped two women got off One wore a pink pinned to her bosom the other a white rose The one adorned by the rose was fat, short, broad faced and masculine

The tall woman scanned the men on the station platform There was not a gleam of red ribbon on any of them

'Is Mr William Smith here?' she asked the agent.

'That tall gentleman over there," he answered, pointing out Shanghai who, having missed Bunty had forgotten the letter and Caroline The fat woman who was standing near with hands on her hips and a valise between her feet, critically surveying the peaceful dusty landscape whereon Tow Head was a dot, heard the query and answer She picked up her grip and headed for Shanghai The tall one reached him first.

"Is this Mr William Smith?" she said

Shanghai bowed "That's my name," he replied

'Well" said the tall one, 'I am Caroline'

The fat one approached Is this Smith—William Smith' was her stern query

The same magnum Shanghai answered somewhat confused at the attention

I am Maudie" she explained

Light dawned on Shanghai "Ladies" said he I am William Smith but not your William He is known as Bunty I am Shanghai'

Confusion followed The women accused each other of treachery and Shanghai of deceit They drew a crowd

'If you will walk up the road with me, I may be able to explain Shanghai suggested Then went Half an hour later the fat one returned She told the agent she had been tricked and deceived by William otherwise Bunty Smith and that she would not live in a hole like Tow Head for all the Smiths in the world Shanghai and the tall one came along later They all took the 11 05 train for the city

Bunty kept his trust faithfully and returned downcast and disappointed to Tow Head on the 0 15 He did not see Shanghai and his female companion until they stepped from the train at home Then Shanghai took a letter from his pocket and handed it to Bunty 'She forgot to put the Bunty' on the envelope this time" he said, 'an' so she found me stead o' you Now she's my wife

Bunty looked at the letter 'Caroline," said he Then he studied Caroline's face Well Shanghai' he said 'you're welcome to her'

Bunty called on the Widow Dunnigen early that evening He sighed contentedly as he settled down in a rocker on her front porch How much better were the simple pleasures of life after all than the race for conquest and riches

Guess we might as well git married Betty he remarked conclusively

Betty laughed 'You're too late, Bunty she said I promised Dale Luster two weeks ago while you was account in them other women by mail'

Plenty to Talk About

High up on the side of Cumberland mountain a traveler found a cabin in such a lonely place that he wondered how the old mountaineer and his wife entertained each other

Do you and your wife see many people here

Scarcely ever see anybody such" was his reply

Then you have to depend entirely upon yourselves for society"

I reckon so sah'

And what do you find to talk about the visitor continued having noticed that the weather was inclined to conversation

What do we find Martha he appealed to her

Well sir I reckon she said When we get up in the morning I says to you to set down to eat some coffee and hoecakes

Yes

When it's noon and you are hungry about I says that hoecake and coffee is ready

Yes

And when it's candlelight I sort of jerks my head and you hitches up to sorghum and hoecake and wants to know why we don't have bacon Ain't that talk enough stranger

But there are the evenings said the traveler

Yes there's the evenings of course and I says I reckon it will be a fine day tomorrer and Jeb he reckons the same thing and we wind up the clock and go to bed Oh I don't reckon we are suffering to death for the want of somebody to gab to '—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cause For Thanks

When Colonel Joe Rickey was quite a young man he had occasion to employ a lawyer to collect a bill against a business man with whom he had had a number of dealings As he had never before retained counsel he went to the lawyer his father had always employed and placed the claim in his hands The lawyer collected the amount, $276 and notified young Rickey to call for the money In due time he called and after waiting for some time was shown into the private office

Good morning Joseph' said the lawyer I am glad to see you are so prompt in attending to business I have your money for you'

Then ensued a general conversation for a few minutes in which the lawyer said among other things 'Joseph I knew your father well and for many years and I knew your grandfather well and for almost as many years They were fine men'

"Yes sir' replied Rickey, "but as I am in a hurry sir, I would like to get my money and go'

"All right Joseph. I will charge you even money I will take $200 for my fee and give you the $76" said the lawyer as he handed the money over

Very well sir said Rickey "and I am thankful you did not know my great grandfather too'

The Gentleman.

The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing that lordship in his behavior not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons or opinions or possessions Beyond this fact of truth and real force the word denotes good nature and benevolence manhood first and then gentleness.—Emerson

Perfectly Reckless

Druggist—I'm going to discharge that new clerk He's too careless

Friend—What has he done?

Druggist—This morning he sold a wild eyed woman a dose of poison and trusted her for the money

The Reason

Mrs Flint (severely)—Why do you wander from place to place?

Soiled Spooner (calmly)—B'cus de places won't wander to me, mum.—Puck

Flinty.

"Yes, she has a heart of flint."

"Then don't forget that a persistent man can learn to strike fire from flint"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RUSSIAN PILGRIMS.

HOW AGED PEASANTS ATTAIN CASTE IN THEIR VILLAGES

They Travel Far Away to Pray at Distant Shrines and Monasteries the Holy Places They Visit and at Which They Are Fed and Lodged

When the snows of winter melt in Russia and the woods are fragrant with violets and the ice in great masses floats down the rivers to the sea the peasant who is on the threshold of old age tired of long inaction comes forth from his hut and looks abroad Strange thoughts have been stirring in him for several months recollections of a vow that he once made that if heaven willed he would one day worship in a certain monastery and there venerate the relics of its saints For many a long year it seemed as if this vow would never be fulfilled for there was work to do in the village of which he could in no way rid himself and still more pressing was the burden of a numerous family that could not be left But now the children have grown up and can fend for themselves and the father and mother are no longer of the same value to the community as laborers Indeed were they to quit the village they would not be much missed One way, however remains for them to redeem their lost position and to entitle themselves for the rest of their lives to the respect of all their neighbors It is to go on a far distant pilgrimage

Innumerable are the sacred places in Russia and out of Russia which the pilgrims visit On the sterile tundras that end in the lonely strand where the waves of the White sea fling their foam upon the walls of the Solovetsky monastery on the quays of Odessa awaiting the steamer that will carry them to Jaffa, or on the monotonous straight roads that for verst upon verst lead by forests of white stemmed birch or somber pine to the resting place of St Serge, near Moscow or of the saints who sleep in the catacombs of Petchersk at Kiev there may be seen bands of pilgrims staff in hand journeying on foot through poverty or in accordance with a vow to their life's end The men often wear clumsy but comfortable shoes of plaited bark stockings fastened round the leg with string breeches reaching to the knees and wide baggy flowing coats attached to the waist with a colored belt The women have colored underskirt a short dress and bodice all in one and a bandkerchief wrapped round the head a knapsack on the back and a can and bottle fastened to a girdle But the costumes are very various and it would be impossible to describe them all

These pilgrims beg for money from pastbeck to pastbeck They have the self respect and independence which belong to people presumably so pious Perhaps they have saved for this pilgrimage for many years they are hards up to the last degree At night they sleep where they can in a monastery or perhaps in sheds that have been erected for them by the road and when they wish to drink they stop and ask for water at a peasant's hut where they are respectfully received If they are short of bread the poor moujik will give them some if he has any for the charitable instinct of the people in Russia is inextinguishable And perhaps too they will render some service to the homes that they visit Tolstoi has described a pilgrim to the Holy Land who found a whole family dying of starvation and set them up again And when Saturday arrives, and all good people are bound by their religion to take a bath then men and women will plunge into the river regardless of the want of bathing machines and careless of all bathing regulations.

Glad after this interminable march of many weeks is the Russian pilgrim when he sees far off flashing against the azure sky the domes of the churches of the holy places where he is to worship and especially is he glad if it be a town, like Kiev, that stands on a range of wooded hills breaking the monotony of the endless plain Singing a more joyous hymn he approaches eagerly for he knows that there are food and lodging assured him at his destination At Jerusalem there is an immense convent built supported by the Russian government, which is well aware of what the pilgrims do to increase Russian influence and her reputation in the Holy Land At Solovetsky there is a hotel with sloping counters that serve as a resting place At the lavra of Petchersk, the oldest of the Russian monasteries, there has been a house for the poor since the eleventh century Some of the pilgrims are accommodated in rooms that resemble well kept havloffs, and each one has a locker where he may sit during the day and sleep at night There is a hospital there, too with eighty beds and a special wing for those whose ailments are not of a serious description And for three days pilgrims are lodged and boarded free and many are allowed to come and go just as they will

Kipling's Literary Output

Andrew Lang held it one time what must have been very nearly a world's record in literary output His regular weekly work was six leaders for a morning newspaper two humorous sketches for an evening journal two long articles two book reviews and a contribution to a weekly illustrated paper In addition to this he devoted four hours every day to what may be called pure literature He turned out books at the rate of three a year or even more In 1890, for instance there appeared from his pen the "Red Fairy Tale Book" "Life Letters and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote" "How to Fail In Literature" and "Old Friends" For weeks together his work would average 25,000 words a week

Why Kipling Wouldn't Lecture.

Major Pond the lecture manager was long anxious to secure Rudyard Kipling as a platform star and Kipling took the assurances of the great manager in good part But it is his reply to a proposition

Brattleboro Vt Sept 30 1895

Dear Mr Pond—I am much obliged to you for your letter but I can't say that I can see my way to the entertainment you propose There is such a thing as paying 15 cents for a dollar and though I suppose there is no way in the lecturing business it seems to me that the bother the fuss the being at every body's beck and call the night journeys and so on make it very dear I've seen a few men who've lived through the fight but they did not look happy I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house a lien on the horses and a bill of sale on the furniture and writer's cramp in both hands but at present I'm busy and contented to go on with the regular writing business You forget that I have already wandered over most of the states and there isn't enough money in sight to hire me to face again some of the hotels and some of the railway systems I have met with America is a great country but she is not made for lecturing in With renewed thanks for your very kind letter believe me yours sincerely

RUDYARD KIPLING

—Boston Transcript

The Face of Verlaine.

An anonymous writer in To Day tells an interesting anecdote of a visit paid by Gladstone to a little bookshop near the Odeon in Paris As he entered Gladstone saw a strange looking man in conversation with the bookseller and carrying an old copy of Villon's poems His dress was ragged and dirty his face was matted with hair and he had the eyes of an archangel with the mouth and jaw of a baboon Nevertheless the respectful attitude of the bookseller showed that the man was a personality Gladstone entered into conversation with him about Villon and for an hour they talked about early French poetry Then the stranger shuffled out of the shop Who is that gentleman" asked Gladstone He has an extraordinary knowledge of French poetry Monsieur he himself is our greatest poet C'est Paul Verlaine'

Setting a Fashion

A New York man tells a quaint story about a new maidservant he once employed

This maid he said "had just come over from the old country and she was very green Everything she did proclaimed her greenness One of her habits was always to come downstairs backward

I assume you it was a funny sight to see her descending a staircase slowly in that way Her hand grasped the balustrade for safety and every little while she looked round to see how much farther she had to go

Why do you come down backward Kathleen some one asked her

Sure sh she answered, that's the way we always see people downstairs in the ship coming over Isn't it the fashion in America

Coral That Shocks

On the coast of the West Indian islands a curious kind of coral is found called millepore This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it The moment you pick up a piece a sort of electric thrill runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your arms You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning The acute pain lasts generally for about half an hour and slowly passes off but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery

Sir Loin of Beef

Though the truth of the story that King James I of England once knighted a loin of beef is disputed the house in which the ceremony is said to have occurred is pointed out as well as the table on which the sirloin lay The scene of the historic jest lies between Highams park and Chingford near London It is a curious house with quaint low pitched ceilings and a fine garden with fruit trees of great size It was on his return from one of his hunting expeditions in Epping forest that the British Solomon is said to have given practical proof of his favor for the roast beef of old England.

A Tinker's Dam

In days of old the tinker bold, when called to mend a pot would build a dam of moistened meal around the leakage spot. The melted solder thus was made within due bounds to stay, but when the solder solid was the dam was thrown away And so the meal, then useless as a Lake Cochituate clam, became a symbol hence we say 'Not worth a tinker's dam '—Roller Monthly

Danger of Reversal

'Don't you think you're working too hard?'

'Well there's a lot of unfinished work before me and I've got to cover the ground in a very short time"

'Better slow down a bit or the ground will cover you in a very short time"—Philadelphia Press

The Pale Horse

"What makes 'em talk 'bout Death always ridin a pale hoss?" some one asked of Brother Dickey

"Well" was the reply "any hoss in de country but a mule would turn pale ter see Death comin' '—Atlanta Constitution

The Farthest Limit.

"Henpeck doesn't dare to say his soul's his own"

"It's worse than that. His wife even tips the waiter when they go out to lunch together"—Chicago Record-Herald

At Yakutsk, in eastern Siberia, the record annual range of temperature is reached It varies from 85 above to 75 below zero

Business Affords better opportunities for capable, ambitious, energetic young people than any other department of human activity The **Rochester Business Institute** has a national reputation for thorough work and its graduates are in constant demand. Many times during the last year the managers were compelled to say to applicants for young men and women to fill good remunerative positions "Nobody to send—the supply is exhausted." Catalogue free Rochester, N Y.

WINDOW CLEANERS

Working In Skyscrapers Is Hard on Nerves and Stomachs

The reason that we are always advertising for window cleaners said the foreman of a company that employs 200 men in this business is that so many men throw up their jobs after they have been at it a week or so Some of them even do not last so long as that A window cleaner can make as good wages as a mechanic or a motorman The work is steady because nearly all the window cleaning in New York's big buildings is done by contract

Any number of likely young fellows really in need of work who promise well enough at the start give out within a few days Sometimes it is their nerves that go back on them but more often it is their stomachs We send away half the men who apply for jobs without even giving them a trial If a man drinks or is so nervous that he has to dodge trolley cars he should keep out of this business

"When we take a man on first the foreman breaks him in gradually We don't put him on a skyscraper job right away A great many private houses in this city have their windows cleaned by contract and we start him in on that If a man is no good at ladder work it is no use bothering with him From private houses the beginner is sent to department stores and finally to the tall buildings Once in awhile we find a man who can start in on skyscraper jobs right away without any trouble

"'Don't look down' Look up all the time,' is the constant admonition of the foreman Not one man in ten is able to obey that order The temptation to look down is irresistible If a man can't break himself of the looking down habit it is all up with him He is sure to come around sooner or later and give up his job"—New York Press

YOUNG ALLIGATORS

They Feed but Once a Month and Then Prefer Live Food

'The thing of it being difficult to introduce an alligator in captivity to eat is a mistaken idea said a man who owns a young alligator and knows all about them 'The question is how First of all an alligator feeds but once a month and then prefers to eat anything that suggests life anything that moves For this reason alligators make as good watch dogs as a merchant or a motorman The work is steady because nearly all the window cleaning in New York's big buildings is done by contract

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Nero Touched the Scotchman

It is related of the late Shirley Brooks that he had at one time a very favorite dog who always the way of all pugs and was converted into bacon Brooks sent some of the delicacy to a friend with a note as follows

His end was sad but he died to add to a piece of his end

The joke was related to a Scotch man who laughed very heartily and shortly afterward having occasion to kill a pig of his own sent some to a relative with the remark, His end was peace, and I send you a piece of the pig' And he wondered why nobody saw the joke —London King

A New Doctrine

The Rev Dr Fourthly was making one of his pastoral calls at the Upjohn mansion

'Doctor" said little Johnny during a pause in the conversation 'I wish you would tell me what you think of the doctrine of predistigination" — Exchange

Spring and Summer Goods

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN MILLINERY.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Elwood Gaskin's

NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell 'Phone

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of Sons Lunden occupation policeman now residing in Mt Jewett, Pa for transfer of Hotel License granted May 18 1903, to Geo. M Fenstermaker for the sale of vinous spirituous malt and brewed liquors by retail in quantities not exceeding one quart for a hotel in the borough of Mt. Jewett, Pa known as the Lunden House will be heard by the Hon Jos W Bouton at his chambers in Smethport, on August 8th A D 1903, at 11 o'clock a m DALZELL & BOUTON
July 25 1903. Attys for Petitioner

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked **MEAT**

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING AND **DECORATING.**

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly Latest styles of coverings on hand

Smethport, - Penna.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to E. H. Norris)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House,
SMETHPORT, PA

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Smethport Plumbing Co.

Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitting.—Estimates for Contract Work Cheerfully Furnished.

Main St. Smethport.

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New York Counts, Clams, Cigars and Fine Confectioneries

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UNDERTAKING AND **EMBALMING**

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.